

The Sketch.

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OVERCOATS AND SPORTING SUITS

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ALL-WOOL and unshrinkable—both are essential points in the outdoor girl's choice of stockings. She buys with sure confidence who insists on

Jason
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE
QUALITY
Stockings and Socks
For Ladies, Children and Men

and enjoys too the sheer comfort afforded by the downy softness of the exclusive Jason finish.

Jason "Triumph"	2/9 per pair	Jason "Choice"	4/3 per pair
Jason "Excel"	3/- per pair	Jason "Eclipse"	4/6 per pair
Jason "Ideal"	3/3 per pair	Jason "Queen"	4/9 per pair
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Jason "Perfect"	6/3 per pair		

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VII.



The Jason Tab



Rat-tat-tat

That's the Milk!

Every morning without fail. And we rarely think of the work it has meant—the early milking, the drive to the little station in the grey of the morning, the swift train journey to the city, the busy porters.

Our part is to extract the greatest possible value from our limited supply. And to do it we contrive delicious combinations with Corn Flour, making sustaining, body-building dishes.

Johnston's "Patent" Corn Flour in the house means a constant variety of dainty, tempting moulds and custards, "quick-to-dinner" pancakes and puddings, light, wholesome cakes, and enhanced food value to soups, stews, and gravies.

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By Order of the Executors of Sir Lumley Smith and others.

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The Sketch

No. 1370.—Vol. CVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



A BRIDE OF TO-DAY: LADY BLANCHE CAVENDISH—MARRIED TO CAPTAIN IVAN COBBOLD.

The Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, is the scene to-day (Wednesday, April 30) of the wedding of Lady Blanche Cavendish, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Captain Ivan Cobbold, Scots Guards. The bride's pages are Viscount Calne and

the Master of Elphinstone. The bride's brother, the Marquess of Hartington, gives her away, and the bridesmaids are Lady Dorothy Cavendish, Miss Pamela Cobbold, the Hon. Mary Elphinstone, Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne, Miss Felicity Cobbold, and Miss Jean Follett.

Photograph by F. O. Hoppe.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Bolshevik in the Theatre.

I have discovered, at last, some merit in Bolshevism. There may be many horrible crimes to be laid at the door of the Bolshevik—I don't know quite why you lay crimes at doors; but that is the accepted expression, and I am writing on Easter Sunday—but he does, at any rate, understand something about the theatre. Ponder this—

"When the Bolsheviks seized Kharkow, the local Soviet ordered the Municipal Theatre to produce without delay a play glorifying Bolshevism. Three days were given."

The horror of the decree is supposed to lie in the lack of time. The stage-manager of the Municipal Theatre at Kharkow, naturally—naturally, I mean, for the stage-manager of a Municipal Theatre—was aghast.

"What!" cried he. "Produce a play in three days! Impossible! Why, we never give ourselves less than a couple of months to produce a new play! You are demanding the impossible!"

But the Bolsheviks must have had a few ex-actors amongst them. Be that as it may, they seized the stage-manager, took him to the City Hall, and threatened him with a good beating unless he produced the play in the time stated. They pointed out, quite rightly from their point of view, that any play could be adapted to mean anything in three days. If they had said three hours, they would have been just as correct. You could make a Bolshevik play out of "Hamlet" in one hour.

If They Get to London.

If those Bolsheviks ever get to London, and turn their attention to some London theatres, it will be a better thing for actors and actresses,

so far as rehearsals go, than the Actors' Association. I am always amazed at the time that is wasted in London theatres over the production of a play. The local Soviet at Kharkow were not at all unreasonable in demanding the production of the play in three days. I have myself produced a new, full, and very complex three-act comedy in three days, and the first night was as smooth as the most fastidious critic could wish.

Still, three days is quick. I admit that. I did not desire to limit myself and the company to three days. It was not my fault. That is another—and a quite amusing—story. I had intended to take a whole week over the production, which is ample. Any three-act comedy can be produced in a week if the producer and the company know their business. If London theatres would produce their plays in a week, instead of a month or six weeks, all this talk about payment for rehearsals would never have arisen. The matter would be such a small one.

If everybody connected with the theatrical business were immortal, the typical rehearsal in a typical West End theatre would be conducted precisely as it is now conducted. I have no space here to describe the process for you; besides, I have already done it in a certain novel entitled "The Gay Life." Evidently, that

novel has been pirated, translated into Russian, and the Bolsheviks have read it.

*How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*

The Crown Prince at Home.

I have always understood that the Crown Prince was a devoted husband and a kind father—or, is it the other way round? I well remember his telling an interviewer, as a proof that the war was not being prolonged by him, that he simply ached to get home to his adored wife and his dear children. "My home!" he cried. "Ah, my dear Sir, think of it! For three years I have not seen my home or my wife!"

Lots of dear English ladies forgave him much for that heartrending cry. "After all," they told each other over the tea and tatting, "that Crown Prince can't be such a bad fellow! He is dying to get to his wife and children!"

If we are to believe the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother of the Crown Princess, "to get at" his wife would have been the better expression.

"His brutality was atrocious," declares this lady, "and on more than one occasion my daughter was treated with actual violence. She was bruised, and her face was disfigured by her husband's blows."

Any more candidates for the Little-Willie-Over-the-Water Society?



THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL: SIR FRANK AND LADY BENSON HEAD THE PROCESSION TO THE POET'S GRAVE.

Stratford-on-Avon celebrated Shakespeare's birthday well and truly this year. American soldiers in uniform gave a new touch to the wonted procession of Stratford people; distinguished visitors, and boys of the poet's school who carried floral tokens to his grave. It was fitting that Sir Frank Benson, the youngest freeman of Stratford—who has done so much to keep Shakespeare alive on the English stage—should lead the "pilgrims." In the photograph, from left to right, are: Mr. F. C. Wellstood (Hon. Sec.); Lady Benson; Sir Frank Benson; the Mayoress; and the Mayor (Mr. A. D. Flower).—(Photograph by L.N.A.)

sary. My only regret is that it will probably be confined to dogs.

The Muzzling Order.

I have nothing whatever to say against this Order. I am sorry for the dogs, but the measure is clearly necessary.

Terrible Affair at Rome.

A horrible thing has just happened at Rome. It seems that the Marquis Centurione and Count Maistretti fought with swords for no less than forty-five minutes! The duel was then stopped. Neither had received a scratch, but both gentlemen were terribly out of breath.

The Home Scrap.

In this country, we are not so brutal in our methods. Most of us do not even possess swords. Those who do, even in war-time, hang them up for ornaments. When one individual really hates another individual beyond bearing, the first individual runs to a third individual and tells him or her all about it. The hated one is supposed to die of the attack. In the olden days, under similar circumstances, they used to stick pins into an effigy of the hated one.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,

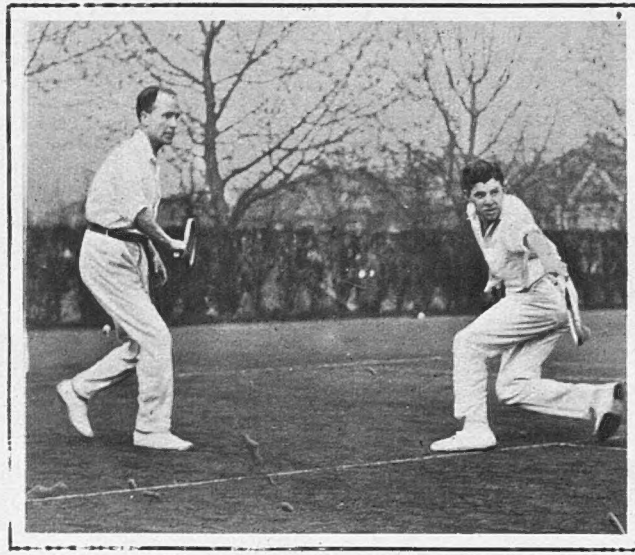
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.

A reflection which you might find worthy of remembrance, friend the reader.

LAWN-TENNIS NOTABILITIES: THE ROEHAMPTON TOURNAMENT.



AN AMERICAN PLAYER:
MISS E. RYAN.



A SOUTH AFRICAN PAIR: MR. G. H. DODD (LEFT)
AND MR. L. RAYMOND IN THE GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES.



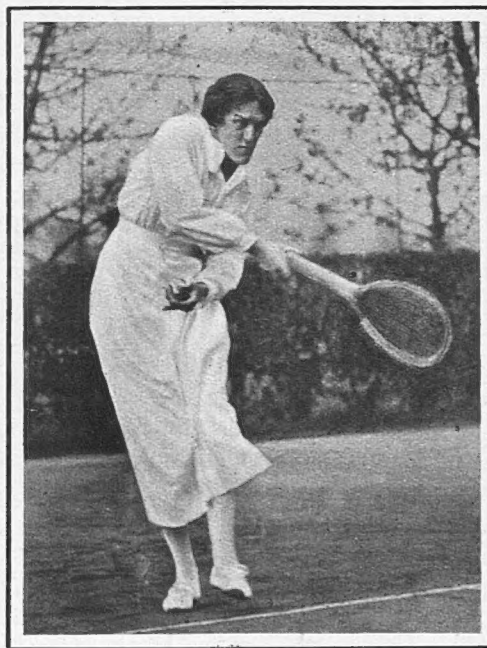
A LEADING BRITISH PLAYER:
MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE.



A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN COMPETITORS: (L. TO R.) MR. G. T. C. WATT, MRS. BEAMISH, MR. S. N. DOUST (AUSTRALIA),
MRS. CRADDOCK, AND MR. R. V. THOMAS (AUSTRALIA).



JUMPING TO A HIGH ONE:
MISS E. D. HOLMAN.



SERVING: MRS. LAMBERT
CHAMBERS.



IN PLAY: MRS. LARCOMBE
AT ROEHAMPTON.

The Roehampton Lawn-Tennis Tournament began on the hard courts at Roehampton, on April 19. There was a large entry, including many well-known players. The home country was represented by Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, Mr. G. T. C. Watt, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Mrs. Larcombe, Miss E. D. Holman, and

others. Among the Australians were Mr. S. N. Doust, Mr. R. V. Thomas, and Mr. G. L. Patterson. Mr. G. H. Dodd and Mr. L. Raymond hail from South Africa, and Miss E. Ryan from America. Canadian and Roumanian players also took part in the tournament.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Farrington Photo. Co., and Sport and General.]



THE GOLDEN CALF.

"Now, Tommy, tell me if we have any idols in this country."
 "Oh, yes, Teacher. Dad's been idle since Armistice Day, and sister Nellie says she's goin' to be idle as long as she can draw 25s. a week for it."—*Evening News.*

with a garland of pink roses. A huge pink rose also showed in the high black belt.

Paris v. Milwaukee. Milwaukee, it seems is even more ultra-fashionable than Paris. The up-to-date maidens

there have replied courageously to the red, green, and purple wigs of France, by using face-powders coloured to match their rainbow dresses. And this is the pleasing way in which the local Press deals with Milwaukee's enterprise. "Milwaukee has Paris looking pale mauve when it comes to a freak fad. Swains now address their Dulcineas, saying: 'Ah, Imogen, I adore your sweet Sèvres blue countenance!' Or, 'Precious Alice, how exquisite is the mandarin-yellow tint of your fair face.' Or, 'Deborah, thrilling is the spectacle of your purple cheek.' Or, 'Gretchen, your violet map certainly gets me.'"

The Diplomat. Lord Curzon, who, it is rumoured, has been persuaded to publish a collection of his poems, is a diplomat as well as an orator. During his travels in Korea, Lord Curzon had several interviews with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose deepest concern was as to the amount of his visitor's salary. He asked the amount, and if there were any perquisites, remarking: "I suppose you find the money the most agreeable part of your office!"



"ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY."

"The letter was undoubtedly badly composed, and the chief of the Government Department violently reproved the clerk. 'A man who does not make himself understood is a fool,' he shouted. 'Do you understand me, eh, Sir?' 'No, Sir,' the clerk replied."—*Daily Paper.*

Paris Revives Eighteenth-Century Fashions.

A Fair Paris Gossip writes me that the white wig, or powdered hair, is almost universally seen there in the evening, and the eighteenth-century effect is heightened by the revival of garlands of flowers on the dresses.

White Hair and Beauty Spots.

At dinner, at the Ritz, a few evenings ago, was a lady with white hair, a beauty-spot under the left eye, and a charming gown of apricot-coloured taffeta, with the front of the bodice and skirt finished with a garland of crimson flowers. Another lady with white hair had on a gown of ivory-coloured taffeta, trimmed

everyone else at the table called a wild extravagance in ordering asparagus. And then it transpired that though everybody else liked asparagus, they had all "learned" to like it. Nobody, it seems, is born with a taste for asparagus; that taste must be cultivated, like the taste for oysters and lots of other things.

Just Discovered Rice Pudding.

After a little inquiry, I discovered a lot of cultivated tastes yesterday. Alcohol comes first. I have never met a man who



TO TELL OVER THE CURAÇOA.

"When I was going down to Harwich one day I saw at the London terminus an old lady hail a man in uniform and heard her say, 'Run and get me a newspaper.' The man obeyed with alacrity. Later, the old dame received a shock when told that he was not a railway porter, but Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt. The Admiral accepted the situation as a good joke."—*Daily Paper.*

liked his first drink. Then there is tobacco, of course, and among others I discovered were black-currants, spinach, green beans, caviare, and even rice-pudding. I know a man who has just learned to like it, and it is getting a positive vice with him. As a rule, the things we learn to like are always expensive. How foolish it is of us to take so much trouble to grow poorer!

Poor Editor! The French papers are printing a story which they say is characteristic of German student manners and ignorance. The incident occurred in a small university town in Germany. The editor of a leading Berlin literary review found himself forced to spend a few days there, and he was bored to death. What aggravated him most was his inability to find, in what he expected to be an intellectual centre, anybody with whom to discuss art or literature.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Walking through a side-street one day, he heard a student, surrounded by a number of his fellows, pronounce loudly, "Rabindranath Tagore," the name of the famous Indian poet. "At last," thought the editor, "I have found some congenial souls." With a bow, he advanced towards the little group and announced his happiness in meeting with men who were interested in literature. "Literature," answered one, "what do you mean?" "But I heard you pronounce the name of 'Rabindranath,' said the editor. "Oh, that is nothing," said the fat student who had spoken. "We use the word as a tongue-test to prove if we are sober or not." "Is it possible," sobbed the editor, "that you are ignorant of the existence of this great poet?" "Poet?" queried the student—"we thought it was the name of a new disease." To me it sounds



THE WEDDING OF AN ARMY EX-CHAMPION BOXER: CAPTAIN PATRICK MCENROY, D.S.O., M.C., IRISH GUARDS, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MARJORIE CAMPBELL.
 Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

Made Him Look Young.

After gazing long and earnestly, he asked inquisitively: "How old are you?" "Forty," replied Lord Curzon, although at that time he was really only thirty-three. "You look very young for that. How do you account for it?" "By the fact that I have spent several weeks in the superb climate of your country," answered the diplomat, and he made the Korean Minister a friend for life.

Making Up for Lost Time.

"I only learned to like it last year, and I'm trying to make up for lost time," said a man at lunch yesterday in excuse for what



BRITISH POSTERS IN COLOGNE: AN AMUSEMENTS GUIDE FOR OUR ARMY OF OCCUPATION.
 British Official Photograph.

more like an example of German humour than ignorance.

Peril by Red Ants. Mrs. Charles Morse, wife of the one-time ice magnate of New York, has been causing a terrible commotion in the United States Customs. When she was in London a few weeks ago she bought a nest of red ants in a glass case, to take them home to America as interesting pets. But the news drifted across the Atlantic, where panic-stricken officials began to imagine the beginnings of a plague.

"The insects," they said, "if allowed to land in America, may grow and multiply until all the United States will be but a moving mass of ants."



A TEMPORARY MEMORIAL TO FALLEN HEROES OF THE ZEEBRUGGE RAID: THE CROSS IN ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY AT DOVER.

Photograph by L.N.A.

paniers, and crinolines of different-coloured everlasting flowers.

How to Fight a French Duel.

I was given an insight into the mysteries of the French duel yesterday by a man who had just fought one. He is a very fair amateur swordsman, but he didn't think himself up to duelling form, so, before the *affaire*, he arranged for some further lessons with the rapier. The instructor first inquired if his opponent was an expert fencer. He was not. "Then," said the instructor, "the more I teach you, the more dangerous for you." The ignoramus with the sword, it appears, is always the most dangerous opponent, and my friend was made to practise daily with beginners to learn to avoid their wild and threatening thrusts. And the result was that he won the duel—I suppose one wins or loses a duel—for the unskilful opponent fell upon his sword and hurt himself really badly.

The Madness of Billiards.

I saw Stevenson, the billiard-player, immediately after his last match with Inman. He tells me he is badly in want of a holiday, and incidentally told me a good story about himself. When he was playing an exhibition match at Johannesburg, an old Boer who had



WORKING FOR THE AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS: MRS. WISDON, WIFE OF BRIG.-GENERAL EVAN WISDON, D.S.O., C.B., OF THE AUSTRALIAN FORCES.

Photo, by Bassano.

Crinoline of Flowers.

They are charming little female figures done in china, and they wear bonnets, and



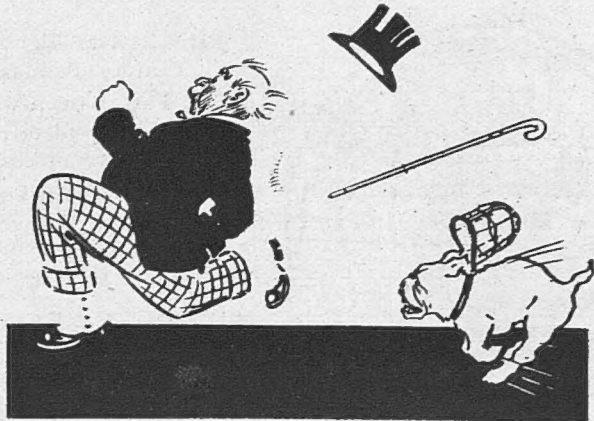
A SCULPTOR WHO WORKS WITH TOES AND TEETH: M. HENNEQUIN-RÉVEUR.

Examples of M. Réveur's work appear on another page. He has lost the normal use of his hands through wounds.

he was paid for playing. "Of course," answered Stevenson. The Boer threw up his hands in amazement. "Allemachtig!" he exclaimed, "now I know that the English are mad."

What the Matter Was.

A young mother who had just returned from India engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her, complaining: "I don't know what's the matter, Madam, but the little one cries and cries;



"RABIES IN LONDON. WOMEN AND CHILDREN BITTEN, MUZZLES FOR ALL DOGS."—Headline.

I can do nothing to quiet it." The mother thought a moment; then, brightening up, she said: "I remember, now. Baby's last nurse was a black one. You will find the stove-polish on the third shelf in the kitchen."

Just as Good.

"How did you like my Hamlet last night?" asked the soulful amateur. "Like it? My dear fellow, I can honestly say that in the opening scene of the fourth act you were as good as Forbes-Robertson," the critic answered. "But I didn't appear in that scene," said the amateur in amazement. "No; neither did Forbes-Robertson," murmured the critic.



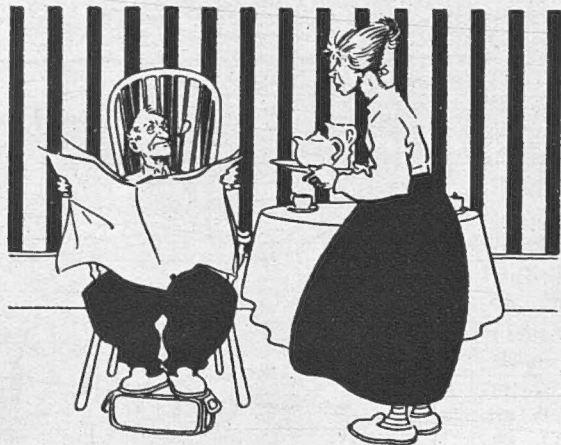
A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER NOW ON THE HALLS: MAJOR THE MACLAINE OF BLOCH-BUIE, M.C., WHO RECENTLY APPEARED AT THE VICTORIA PALACE.

Major Maclaine has been twice wounded, and was among the first 50 recipients of the M.C. Photograph by Bertram Park.

Signature Fiends.

One of life's daily worries is the signature nuisance. There ought to be a law to deal with the time and temper-wasting folk who sign themselves "A. Smith," or "B. Jones," giving no clue as to the sex of the writer. You cannot always guess from the handwriting. And then the illegible-signature fiend. He should be compelled to use a plain printing rubber stamp to add to his letter. After all, the point of a signature is to discover to the reader the name of the writer—also that the signatory is the writer.

THE WORLDLING.

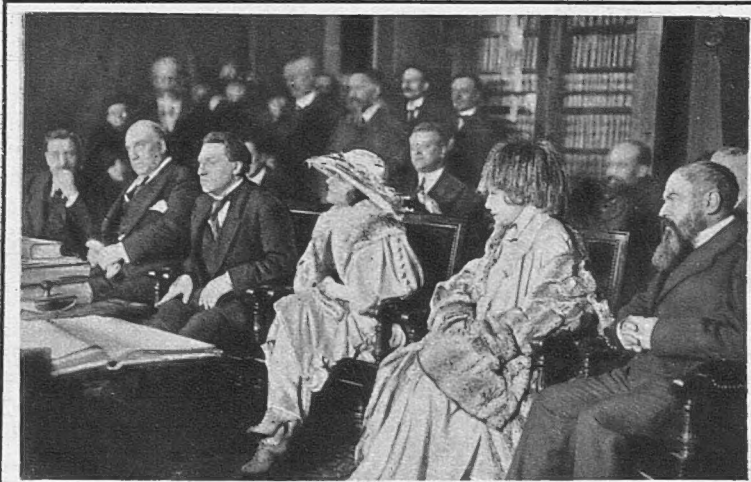


A WALK-OVER.

"Although a beauty competition was well advertised in Uxbridge, there was not a single entry."—Daily Paper.

Her Lord and Master: "If you'd only entered, my dear, you'd ha' won it!"

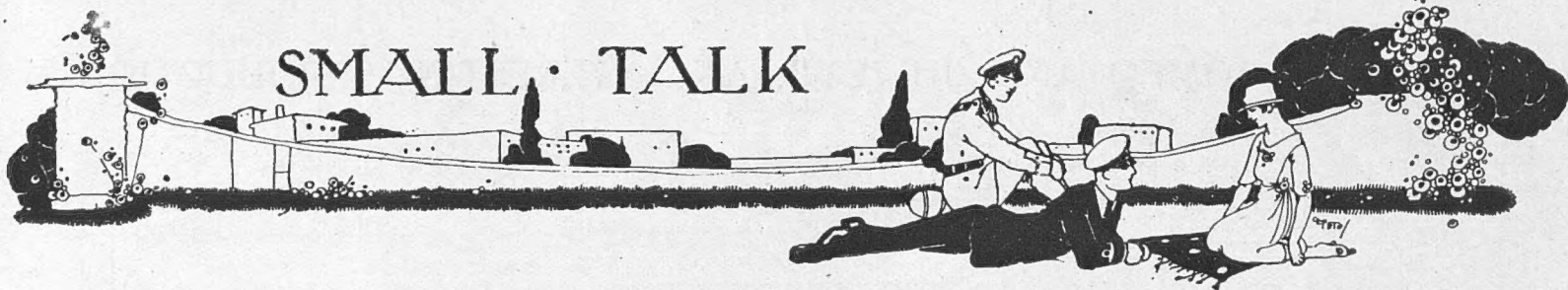
watched his play, approached him after the game, and inquired what he "did it" for. Stevenson explained that he "did it" for a living. The old Boer incredulously demanded to know whether



AN INTERESTING THEATRICAL WEDDING IN PARIS: THE MARRIAGE OF M. SACHA GUITRY AND MLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS; WITH MME. SACHA GUITRY (ON RIGHT) AS A WITNESS.

Our photograph shows the ceremony at the Mairie of the 16th Arrondissement. M. Lucien Guitry was also present. M. Sacha Guitry is, of course, well known as dramatist and actor. Mme. Bernhardt recently arranged to appear in a new fairy play of her own, called "La Fée d'Alsace."—[Photograph by C.N.]

SMALL TALK



THE long-discussed event takes place to-day (Wednesday)—I mean, of course, the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Asquith and Prince Antoine Bibesco, who share with Lady Patricia Ramsay and her husband the distinction of being the most "be-paragraphed" couple of the last few months. Circumstances conspired to help the hard-working journalists. The bride obligingly changed her mind not only about the dresses to be worn by her retinue, but as to the number of bridesmaids. Then the number of pages was increased to two; and by the time these words are in print, it may be even more. Was it any wonder that the wedding "bulletins" were almost as numerous as those issued in the case of a distinguished invalid?

Like Old Times. Mayfair is beginning to sit up and take notice. In other words, outwardly at least, a gradual return to pre-war conditions as regards externals is becoming apparent. Flowers in window-boxes are beginning to replace the more sober greenery of war-time. New paint is being freely used, and an indefinable "we're-ready-for-action-again" atmosphere pervades Curzon Street and its environs. Social prophets talk of a bumper season, qualified, in most instances, with the reservation that entertainments will be on a smaller scale than of yore, and less formal in character. Whether the change is due to what is generally termed the "domestic difficulty," or to the more free-and-easy habits acquired during the war, is not definitely stated. Probably, if the truth were known, it is a little of both. Mayfair has its servant troubles no less acute than those of Mitcham.



ENGAGED: MISS CATHERINE TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT.

Miss Tennyson d'Eyncourt is a daughter of Mr. E. C. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, of Bayons Manor, Lincoln. Her marriage to Captain A. C. de Bunsen, Durham L.I., son of Mr. Lothar de Bunsen, of 12, Wilton Street, S.W., will take place in the autumn.

Photograph by Vandyk.

its servant troubles no less acute than those of Mitcham.

Whom Will They Entertain?

Mention of entertaining raises speculations as to the identity of those who will play the part of political hostess—or will the disappearance of this type of entertainer be one of the minor and unexpected results of the Great War? Mrs. McKenna had acquired a reputation in this particular form of amusement before the war; there is still Mrs. Asquith to look after the Wee Frees; Lady Lansdowne might help fan the fires of Conservatism; and Mrs. Lloyd George has plenty of room at 10, Downing Street. But the question is, whether any party is of sufficient importance to make the job worth while?

Just as a Reminder. Just as a reminder that charitable obligations must not be forgotten in peace time, Tuesday, May 20, sees a revival of the Charity Matinée. Queen Alexandra has given her patronage to the affair, which takes place at the Palace Theatre, with the Peace Thank-Offering Fund of the Waifs and Strays Society as an object for philanthropy. Charity, it almost seems, is a virtue belonging to a select few. The names of the Committee include those who have already earned laurels as

"in-aid-of" promoters, in the days of the war. Lady Huntingdon is booked for "a new representation" of Liza Lehmann's "Persian Garden"; was it not she who organised some beautiful tableaux on the same subject before November last? Lady Abbot Anderson is also included in the list of those interested. Few philanthropic efforts are considered complete unless her help is secured. A recent victim to "flu," she has now recovered; and with Lady Sassoon, Baroness Percy de Worms, Lady Buchanan Jardine, and others, is actively fulfilling the duties that fall to the lot of a committee member on such occasions.



TO BE MARRIED IN MAY: MISS MAY COTTER.

Miss May Cotter is the only daughter of Major-General Francis Gibson Cotter, of Woking. Her marriage to Lieutenant Pritchard, South African Infantry, is arranged to take place on May 7, at St. Paul's Church, Woking.

Photograph by Vandyk.

was sitting at a door, behind glass, so that we could see him, dressed in a red coat with gold on it"—so his Bank Holiday was a complete success, anyhow.

Satisfactory.

It is gratifying to know, these democratic days, that there are still small boys whose notions of kingship in scarlet and gold, and a monarch who obligingly poses for the benefit of his small subjects, have not been upset by the matter-of-fact conditions of modern life. It was on Bank Holiday that a very small boy, aged somewhere about five, having explored the courtyard whence one enters the State apartments when they happen to be open, was heard to remark to his aunt: "I've just seen the King, Auntie; he



ENGAGED: MISS IRENE ESSEX.

Miss Irene Essex, whose engagement to Captain Guy Hamilton, R.N., has been announced, is the second daughter of Sir (Richard) Walter Essex, M.P., and Lady Essex, of Streatham, and Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Recalling a Romance.

Lord Cottenham's death recalls a "Peerage romance" of 1916. The Earl had known his bride rather less than two months when the pair became engaged. Indisposition on the part of the fiancé threatened postponement of the wedding ceremony; but the bride, as good romance required, determined to marry first in order to become a nurse afterwards. An operation on the Earl's throat was performed the day after the wedding, and the Countess, who was Miss Patricia Burke, of California, was able to turn her experience as a V.A.D. nurse to good account.

Keeping Up Its Reputation.

Easter Week is always a popular one for weddings, and this year fashionable weddings figured two and three deep on the days succeeding Easter Monday. Lady Hermione Stuart, only daughter of the Earl of Moray, chose Scotland for her wedding to Captain Buller, who, it was reported, had given personal assistance in choosing some of the bride's trousseau. If he did not feel equal to coping with the "dress" side of the business, he was at least heard to express his views while she tried on hats. Not for nothing are sailors known as handy-men. Another Easter Week bridegroom is Lord Petersham, son and heir of the Earl of Harrington. His younger brother was killed in the war. Not every Viscount can lay claim to having an ancestor noted for his ability to mix snuff; but a Viscount Petersham of a bygone day specialised in this particular.



A NEW PORTRAIT: BARONESS MONCHEUR.

We have pleasure in giving a new and charming portrait of Baroness Moncheur, wife of Baron Moncheur, Belgian Minister to London, who has just returned. The Belgian Legation is at 59, Sloane Gardens, S.W.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

THE NEW "ROMEO AND JULIET": AN INTERESTING PRODUCTION.



Miss Doris Keane and Mr. Basil Sydney in "Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyric Theatre.

Miss Doris Keane's production of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyric, with herself as Juliet, and her husband, Mr. Basil Sydney, as Romeo, has aroused great interest and discussion both before and since the first night. It may be said to have raised the

whole question of Shakespearean acting, and the capacities of modern players in that respect as compared with the older school, which is still represented, at the Lyric, by Miss Ellen Terry in the part of the Nurse.

DANCING DAYS AND NIGHTS

GLADYS PETO

By PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

NOT much dancing for me, these not-long-past holiday times—except what comes my way nightly and at matinées in "Tails Up," at the Comedy. Business can't be neglected for pleasure—at least, not by stage folk; and so I left the Easter holiday dancing hours to others, and have since heard of the gayest times.

Particularly striking, to my mind, is the wonderful account I've had from a friend of the jazz balls and dance teas at the Queen's Highcliffe Hotel, Cliftonville. Striking, let me explain, for a peculiar reason. . . . This time last year, Margate was in the war zone. For over four years raids came and went with sickening regularity—and even then the ball-room of the Queen's was used, night after night, for dances. Isn't that a ball-room that deserves to rejoice in these days of raid-ceasing? It has made history, that room within a stone's-throw of the sea: not so very far below ground-level. . . . Yet there, while bombs dropped, and anti-aircraft guns thundered, people danced. *Two dances a week*, right through the war—isn't that a record worth something? Always a band, always a welcome, always a shelter—though one huge bomb dropped on the lawn but a few yards away. And there came the wounded from near-by hospitals, to lie on their stretchers and listen to cheery music—played, if you please, by an orchestra of *girls*—till the All-Clear bugles sounded. It isn't twelve months ago, and last week that same ball-room (why doesn't someone fix a tablet there, in commemoration of silent heroism) resounded to the clamour of a

jazz band and the swish of many feet.

In telling me how gay it was, by letter, a friend enclosed a small ticket—a little piece of England's Dancing History. "It was given to me by Mr. Adutt, as a souvenir, when I bought my ticket for the Easter Monday Ball. Look at it—'Queen's Highcliffe Hotel, Margate. ADMIT ONE TO THE BALL-ROOM, or such available Shelter from Enemy Aircraft during Moonlight Nights'—You see, there was such a rush for that ball-room that a special card of admission was printed and issued to those who were insecure in their own homes; but they only took their turn after the wounded had been admitted."

Wonderful, isn't it? Margate had

185 raids: shells went screaming both ways—from sea and shore batteries—over that hotel. But still they danced two nights a week. . . . Such a delightful thing struck me at a dance tea, given at a big hotel the other afternoon. That was the number of children dancing: solemn boys, in shining Eton collars, and ringleted little girls, plunging round with the utmost dignity, doing correct fox-trot and one-step steps. One could almost see them counting. . . . "One-two; One-two."—and when the music

stopped, they were the most insistent of all the dancers in their applause.

It was so jolly to watch them dancing in correct and quiet style—such a tremendous contrast to some of the absurd attitudes and exaggerated steps of many of the grown-up couples, that I couldn't help wishing one could see them all alone! In the old days, when roller-skating was the craze, notices went up to say "Ladies Alone," or "Couples Only," or "Gentlemen Alone"; and we obeyed. Why doesn't someone have every fifth or sixth dance, at dance teas, for "Children Only"! It would be appreciated, I'm sure, especially while holidays last. It would amuse fond mothers; and it would give the children a chance to show some rabid plungers and jazzers that nothing pays like perseverance—and that correct steps are best, in the long run.

And, incidentally, I realised that day why the fox-trot is so popular, both with kiddies and their alleged elders and betters. *It is merely an abbreviated version of the polka*—by which I mean

that the main step of the fox-trot is just three steps danced as in a polka (a *chassée*, really) minus the hop which forms the last beat of a polka pure and simple.

That's why we like it; and that's why children find it easier than a one-step. After the *chassée*, one may add all sorts of rag-time shoulder-hunches, and so on; but the foundation remains the same—and it is a polka, minus the hop. . . . Think it out.

By the same token, a polka is a very attractive dance, if it is not done too violently; and I believe it's coming back, to stay. In "Joy-Bells," at the Hippodrome, when various couples step out of an old album and proceed to do the dance of the period in which they are dressed, which is the dance, and tune, that gets the most applause? The polka, said She with decision! And why? Because it's so fascinating, and because the feet of every member of the audience start beating time automatically to the magic strains of "See me dance the polka"!

Apart from the big Fancy-Dress Ball at the Albert Hall on May 28, for the Women's Hospital, Chelsea, there appear to be simply swarms of private dances arranged between now and the middle of July. Lord Leverhulme is giving one, at his wonderful house in Hampstead; and many hostesses are racking their brains to think of some real novelty for their own special show. . . . Most of them fall back on the inevitable "jazz band"—and I hear of a threatened shortage in frying-pans.

Then, let me tell all dancing folk that there is to be a tremendous Fancy-Dress Carnival at the Royal Albert Hall, on Wednesday, June 4 (Derby Day). It is given by the Savage Club—that haunt of brilliant men in Science, Art, Music, Drama, Literature, and every imaginable direction. So after your victories at Epsom—or otherwise—prepare to dash Albert Hall-wards and dance till morning breaks: everyone who is anyone will be there!



TO APPEAR IN A REVUE, "LAUGHING EYES," AT THE KENNINGTON: MISS NINETTE DE VALOIS, AN ENGLISH DANCER.

Photograph by Claude Harris.



UNDERSTUDYING MISS ROSIE CAMPBELL IN HER "TICKLE-TOE" DANCE IN "GOING UP," AT THE GAIETY: MISS ELAINE VERNON.

Photograph by Bassano.

"A FEATHER HERE, A FEATHER THERE": GABY PLUMED.



Modes à l'autruche: Mlle. Gaby Deslys in Ostrich Feathers and Diamonds.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, once the delight of London, has been for some time in Paris. Recently she was bewailing the theft of a phonograph, worth £600, containing a record of her lines in a new production, and used by her in rehearsals. As our photo-

graph shows, her taste for ostrich-feathers and colossal millinery has not diminished since her return to her native land. We are informed that the largest diamond she is wearing is valued at £20,000, the smaller necklace at £8000, and the larger one £12,000.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRTIERS



"A MAN who has lost one leg is likely to live longer than if he had not lost it," says Colonel Openshaw. We take it that he means there are certain risks a one-legged man will not run into—running of any sort being at a discount with him. He is apt to take a rest cure, and, at any rate, he offers a smaller field to your mad dog. But how does Colonel Openshaw judge a case like Mr. Hope Crisp's? An old Cambridge lawn-tennis Blue, he lost a leg in the war, and turned up at Roehampton the other day, for more tennis!



ENGAGED TO MAJOR W. H. TOLHURST: MISS SHEILA MARSH.

Miss Sheila Marsh, whose engagement to Major W. H. Tolhurst, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Tolhurst, of Ditton Court, near Larkfield, Kent, has been announced, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marsh, of Egerton House, Newmarket. Her father is the famous trainer.

Photograph by Bassano.

Lady Rocksavage. Lord Rocksavage and Sir Philip Sassoon had what L.I.G. would reckon a good Press as lawn-tennis players. For some reason the reporters and camera-men fixed on them at Roehampton, until they felt almost like professional boxers. Such fame, they felt, was only explained by the lady who kept them company. "It's your sister," said Lord Rocksavage, "who draws the photographers." "Yes, your wife," rejoined Sir Philip.

The Old Adam. Miss Jekyll's new book on gardening comes at the right moment. The Londoner, once summer threatens the town, will soon be re-discovering that he is no Londoner at all, but that his heart, if not his genius, is set on certain lawns and flower-beds far from the city; and that, after four years of comparative neglect, they need the touch of his own

hand. There is, of course, his head gardener to tackle—that staunch conservative who obstructs all reforms. But Miss Jekyll is not to be denied. She is as dogmatic, in her own domain, as Ruskin used to be about the things one

must or must not admire in Venice; and her book will fire many of us with the determination to set our garden in order on the first available week-end.

The Jekyll Gardens.

Miss Jekyll has a garden of her own at Godalming which is the justification of all her learning and theorising. Her azaleas—a wilderness of brilliant colour—are almost unrivalled. Next to her garden is another, which likewise proves the excellence of the Jekyll taste and touch. It belongs to her brother, Sir Herbert Jekyll, whose daughter, Mrs. McKenna, has a Lutyens house in Smith Square. And a Lutyens drawing-room is, next to a Jekyll garden, the best place in the world for roses!



WITH THE FRENCH ARMY FOR OVER FOUR YEARS: MRS. OSWALD WALKER.

Mrs. Oswald Walker is the widow of Captain Oswald Walker, 15th Hussars, who was killed at Mons. She has been nursing with the French Army for more than four years, and has received the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille des Épidémies.

From the Portrait by Percival Anderson.

A Piccadilly Change.

Lord Cowdray is putting the R.A.F. Club people into Piccadilly, and at the same time putting out the Lyceum ladies. "Cowdray—Lord Cowdray—is turning us out"—that is the way it is expressed by some of the exiles, which means only that the price the R.A.F. offers is big enough to outweigh other considerations. But it is a pity, in some ways, that the Lyceum is going elsewhere, and that the Cavalry will have the pilots instead of the poetesses for its neighbours.

Appreciative.

The Lyceum enlivened Piccadilly; it made a contrast, struck a new note in clubs; it was, as somebody said, a club with a heart—a mixture of suits that proved more interesting than uniformity. When does a member of the Cavalry, or any other ordinary clubman, look as if he enjoyed his privileges? He takes his front door in Piccadilly for granted, and finds his arm-chair fatiguing. The Lyceum ladies, on the other hand, were pleased with their premises; they enjoyed the view, and the tea-tables in the window; they liked to smoke at the passing 'bus, and I have seen them running—at any rate, in the early period of the Club's history—running up the doorsteps with enthusiasm. One can hardly ask as much from the young men with wings!

Getting a Move On.

The Lyceum was not only very unlike the Cavalry, and very unlike the Athenæum, and very unlike all the other men's clubs; it was also very unlike the Ladies' Athenæum and every other club for women. The much-admired gloom, or decorum, or refinement, or smartness, or sheer ordinari-ness, as the case might be, of other establishments was never a feature of Miss Smedley's. It was all bustle and movement from the moment she opened it. And now there is more movement than ever, anent the move to—who knows where?

A Westminster Medley.

The early English composers drew many strangers to Westminster Cathedral last week. Roger Fry, of primitive and saintly appearance, was there in a blue shirt—so blue that it suggested the barbaric dyes of his own workshops in Fitzroy Square; near him stood a bearded Spanish Franciscan, looking only less saintly than the Post-Impressionist; and a lady taxi-driver in her leathers. Many American officers, and a devout negro in khaki, received the Cardinal's general blessing; while the Cardinal himself, in red, attended by a sworded gentleman in Court dress and acolytes with candles, moved in procession round the Church, the choir meanwhile chanting Ludforde and very early Byrd.



A DÉBUTANTE: MISS MARJORIE LODER.

Miss Marjorie Loder is the daughter of Lady Margaret Loder, the elder daughter of the Earl of Listowel. Her mother is the wife of Mr. Reginald Loder, of Maidwell Hall, Northampton. Lady Margaret Loder is entertaining at Bryanston Square for her daughter.

Photograph by Lafayette.

"F. E." OFF THE WOOLSACK : "A PLEASANT OCCUPATION FOR—"



ON THE HARD COURTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB:
THE LORD CHANCELLOR.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR AS LAWN-TENNIS
PLAYER: A CORNER RUN.



WEARING A TENNIS EXPRESSION:
THE LORD CHANCELLOR.



PLAYING ON THE BACK LINE: THE LORD CHANCELLOR
TAKING AN EASY RETURN.



RETURNING THE SERVICE: LORD BIRKENHEAD ON
THE HARD COURTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

Lord Chancellors are not always young and active enough to play a strenuous game of lawn-tennis. The case is different, however, with the present occupant of the Woolsack, Lord Birkenhead, known in former days as Sir F. E. Smith, and, more popularly, as "F.E."—a

sobriquet which still clings to him despite his elevation. Our photographs show him playing at Queen's Club, where he made an interesting speech on the history of tennis at a recent dinner to the American and Overseas Lawn Tennis Players.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

AND so the summer, young people, is Upon Us. It *must* be, because of that seasonable clicking noise from the icicles in the window-box across which we regard (without prejudice) the dome of St. Paul's—so considerably placed in sight of us by the designer of our charming head-piece. One is feeling so tender and regretful a memory of those furs that went back to the International last week that it positively must be the month of May. Or perhaps before you get this, there will be a heat-wave, or an earthquake, or an equinox and a couple of isobars, or something. Anyway, things are beginning to move in meteorological circles, and all those beautiful flowers that Nature brings round in carts from the florist's about this time of year are beginning to open their charming eyes and murmur, "Where am I?" as they wake up to find themselves in strange beds in strangers' gardens. What poets we all are this quarter, aren't we?

Events likewise are beginning to pull themselves together and happen a bit, instead of hanging around in the form of mere announcements of forthcoming attractions. The Asquith family is (or is just about to be) one less; the deplorable habit of dancing with niggers in the room has been tried by a jury of matrons and found "Not guilty"; and Miss Ellen Terry is the rising hope of the stern, unbending actor-managers. The "Romeo and Juliet" of Shaftesbury Avenue is really a charming affair to look at. The judicious young persons who are responsible for the stage picture are not so thoroughly Craigish as to convey the impression (*more*, Gordon) that it all happened downstairs in the white and winding passages of a Tube station. But they have really

and beautifully succeeded in demonstrating that the celebrated *crime passionnel* took place in a hot, high-coloured little town where people's tempers got extraordinarily bad as the sun mounted towards lunch-time—instead of in a repertory theatre, where the scene is usually laid. This interesting circumstance is generally kept a dead secret, and the sensational discovery of the Italian venue of the piece is the feature of the whole production.

The thing is really delightfully set and dressed; and there are pleasing noises in the orchestra. So it only remains to consider the minor contributions to our entertainment made by the actors, and by the promising young author. On *dit* that he is a Warwickshire man and will be seen

salmon, impersonates an emotional Anglo-American actress surprisingly well for an Italian flapper. This young lady should be heard of again; there were moments when she positively reminded one of "Romance." Then there was Romeo, who married Juliet not so long after Mr. Basil Sydney married Miss Doris Keane. And (she deserves a sentence all to herself, without any verbs or adjectives or anything else to distract the attention) Miss Ellen Terry. It was not enough that she raged and coaxed and potted exquisitely as the Nurse. They should have given her a chair and table, and allowed her to read the whole play to us, whilst the rest of the company gesticulated in dumb show behind her. Then we should have been happy.

Not that happiness is entirely unattainable in these parts. Not at all. Faithful Hippodromedaries, thronging the early doors of "Joy-Bells" ("a bell by any other door would sound as sweet"—dear, dear, this quotation appears to have got into the wrong paragraph), votaries, we repeat, of Miss Shirley Kellogg and her performing bells delight themselves nightly (and at the regular number of afternoon performances) with the contemplation of regions where neither moth nor rust corrupt, but Robeys continually break in. Students of contemporary folk-lore are immensely exercised by one scene in which George approximates remarkably to Harry (not yet Sir Henry) Tate; is it due to protective colouring, or the climate of the Hippodrome *Industriegebiet*; or what?

That great thinker is really at his best in those early stages when he wears his celebrated pre-war uniform of tight frock-coat and small black bowler (surely, if anyone has earned the new military distinction of a bar to his bowler, it is George). But the later scenes afford a sensational opportunity of viewing him as a *jeune premier*. The cut of his dinner-jacket was a Fair Treat, and that noble profile undefiled by the eyebrows—the stalls (not forgetting the cheaper parts of the house) fairly resounded with the escaping sighs of fair spectators (or spectatrices) realising suddenly that a new competitor in male beauty competitions had bobbed silently up over the London horizon. Apart from its hero, the show is a bit mixed as yet. Anyway, D'Alvarez seemed most disoperatically and unconcernedly pleased about it the other night. So, why worry?

How delightfully pre-war the post-war railway stations are beginning to look, aren't they? There are golf-clubs—yes, dear, those things about the same length as rifles are golf-clubs. And there are tennis-balls—rather the shape, darling, of Mills' bombs. And that fuselage without any ailerons that taxied along over there is what used to be called a perambulator, my love; people who wanted quiet holidays used to take them away with them—before the war.



AS THE NURSE: MISS ELLEN TERRY IN "ROMEO AND JULIET," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

shortly at one of Lady Cunard's little—oh, no, I forgot. Miss Juliet Capulet, who manages to look astonishingly like Miss Doris Keane, in spite of an incredible *coiffure couleur de* crushed



WELL KNOWN AS A PARACHUTIST FROM BALLOONS AND AEROPLANES: MISS SYLVA BOYDEN—IN HER HARNESS.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

BY A SCULPTOR WHO USES TOES AND TEETH!



1. A PRE-WAR EXAMPLE: "THE STONE-THROWER."
3. DONE SINCE DISABLEMENT: "THE VICTOR."

2. DONE BEFORE THE WAR: "A WAKING WOMAN."
4. DONE SINCE DISABLEMENT: "THE MAGPIE."

A remarkably interesting exhibition of work by artists of Alsace-Lorraine is to open at the Goupil Galleries, 5, Regent Street, on May 8, in aid of the Ligue Patriotique des Alsaciens-Lorrains. The exhibits illustrated are the work of M. Hennequin-Rêveur, a sculptor of Metz, who lost the normal use of his hands in the war.

He now mixes his clay with his toes, and wields tools in his teeth. Compelled at first to fight for the Germans, he surrendered to the Russians, was sent to Siberia, and reached Archangel. The British enabled him to reach France, and later he joined the French Army, serving for 18 months and being thrice wounded.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I have still just a little bit of money left for emergencies, so that the cranks and the crocks and the crack-pots needn't despair. *And they don't!* At a time when every penny is wanted for keeping body and soul and home together, you and I are told, per circular, that it is the duty of every true patriot to send money to an address in London as working expenses for introducing to England a new alphabet of forty letters, inclusive of sixteen vowels!

Philanthropy, you've lost your way, and need a guiding hand. The pressing questions of to-day you do not understand! You wander in and out the slums to see what you can do for any wretched soul who comes appealingly to you—regardless of our wish to get your money for our alphabet!

Philanthropy, your ways are rash where Charity's concerned; you absolutely waste your cash you've diligently earned! We know, of course, that wounded men need helping in their plight, and contributions now and then to some of them seem right. But do not let your hand forget our forty-lettered alphabet!

Philanthropy, a parting word we'd like to have with you. This Housing question is absurd—the Wages question, too! The only thing that matters now is how we ought to spell such words as "dog" and "cat" and "cow," and "bat" and "ball" and "bell"—and how sufficient funds to get to run our patent alphabet!

Shall you and I go digging? Listen. Underneath Rome and Jerusalem there is lost treasure (says Senator Lanchiani, a leading

Herod and Solomon and such had each a richly wrought pavilion, that roughly might have cost as much as four or five and twenty million. Think of the Jewish Kings and Queens, and what a pile their treasure-list is! I doubt if even the Duveens could bargain for the lot at Christie's!



THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTER, IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: PRINCESS MARY ENJOYS A MORNING RIDE WITH HIS MAJESTY.

Princess Mary, who is a fine horsewoman, is the King's constant companion when he rides.

I'll dig and dig until I strike a temple floor all golden-paved, or possibly (what I would like) that curio the Tomb of David! Some millionaire would buy the floor, whereon he'd let some gaudy mat stand, with David's Tomb within the door for coat-umbrella-stick-and-hat-stand!

They are keeping up the gardening business in Songland, in spite of my protest that in my search for horticultural information in the columns of the newspapers I am continually being made a fool of by the music page in Saturday's *Daily Telegraph*, which gets more and more like a gardeners' guide every week. Wherever I wander in Songland I am chased by pansies and lilies and daffodils. I thought I'd be safe from this sort of thing in a healthily romantic atmosphere like that of "Monsieur Beaucaire." But what do I find, almost at the very beginning? *This!*—

Red rose, where the garden grows,
There is no rose like you!

Why can't a rose-song go somehow like *this* for a change?

Of the flowers that grow in my garden so fair,
in response to my yearly endeavour, there is one,
though reputed exceedingly rare, I'm afraid
I shall understand never. Though it's beautiful
petals of pink or of white, or of red, are
deliciously scented, it is brought to that pitch
by a method not quite the most delicate
process invented!

(If you do not object, I would like to
explain I've a rather original sort of
Refrain)—

Queen of the Roses, I'm waiting, all in
my wedding-day best. Come with me now
to the mating, 'Rose of the World, on my
breast! Not for my bride have I sought
you: that from all sense were remote. Queen
of the Roses, I bought you merely to wear
in my coat!

A. B. M.



ROYALTY ON LEAVE, AT WINDSOR: THE PRINCE OF WALES RIDING WITH PRINCE ALBERT.

The scene is Windsor Great Park, where the Royal Family frequently ride when at the Castle. The Prince of Wales is acknowledging the greetings of the onlookers—and possibly wishing there were times when he needn't!

archæologist) that would pay for the war! *Why not find it?* And put by the German indemnities for a Rhiney day? . . .

Go, take thy spade and eke thy pick and make in Rome those excavations that prove the Ancients builded thick—particularly the foundations! Go, blunt thy pick and twist thy spade, only to find the trace of Germans! I'm off to where the Ancients made temples and thrones of gold—(and sermons!)



THE VICTORY GIRL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PIZER.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF TH



BETWEEN FIVE AND SEVEN —

DRAWN BY

E CHANNEL: PARIS TAKES TEA.



DANS UN 'THÉ' À LA MODE."



Vigil

THE PURE SILK

All the New Victory Colours

Bright colours—blues, reds, greens, and yellows—are "correct" this year, for colours express happiness in the fullest sense. And this is the "Victory" year, the *happy* year.

"Vigil" Silk, this year, is better than ever. For purity of fabric, for beauty of designs, for delicacy of colours, it cannot be surpassed. For many months past we have been thinking, planning, working in anticipation of the great demand that would surely arise for coloured Fabrics so soon as "Peace" was well in sight. And now that the time has come, we are ready to meet it with the most wonderful range of colours and blendings of colours that will be offered this year.

The demand for these new "Vigil" colours is certain to be enormous—our orders from the trade already exceed our present output; so do not be disappointed if your Draper has not yet received his full supply. Tell him that you want "Vigil" Silk in the new stripes, or in one of its many beautiful self-colours that are fast to light and washing, and ask him to get it for you. Every Draper who orders will be supplied as speedily as possible.

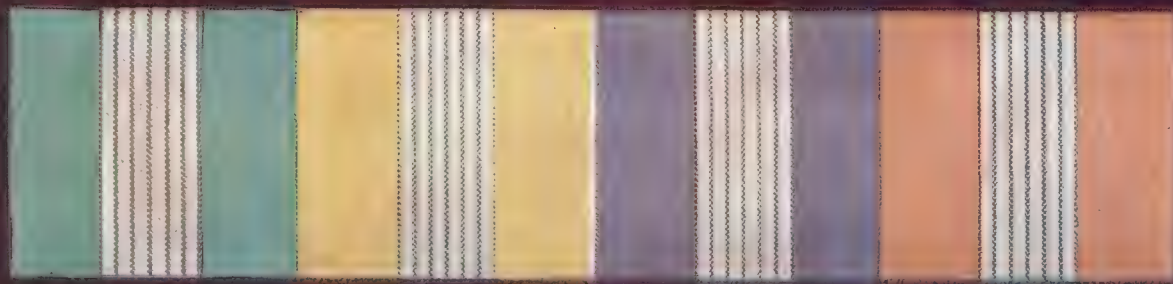
8/11

PER YARD.

"Vigil" can be obtained from the majority of the leading drapers, but if you have any difficulty, write direct to the Manufacturers, WALKER BROS., Ravensthorpe Mills, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury, giving the name and address of the Draper where you usually deal.

40

IN. WIDE



A PRINCESS AFTER TO-DAY—AND HER PRINCE.



THE BIBESCO—ASQUITH WEDDING : MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH; AND PRINCE ANTOINE BIBESCO, OF ROUMANIA.

The Asquith-Bibesco wedding is to take place to-day (April 30) at the Greek Church, Moscow Road, Bayswater, and at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The reception Mrs. Asquith is holding at 20, Cavendish Square will be a meteoric gathering of artistic, smart, and political people. Prince Antoine Bibesco, first Secretary of the

Roumanian Legation, will have an accomplished Princess to accompany him when his diplomatic career takes him to other countries. The bride is, of course, famed for her wit, and, when still in short frocks, was frequently introduced as "the most brilliant conversationalist in Europe."

Photographs by Hugh Cecil and Elliott and Fry.

THE GLORIES OF HENLEY REVIVING: THE



OPPOSITE THE HENLEY REGATTA WINNING-POST:
THE PHYLLIS COURT CLUB STAND.



FITTED WITH PUNKAHS: THE LUNCHEON-ROOM
AT PHYLLIS COURT.



IN THE GROUNDS OF PHYLLIS COURT: A MORRIS
DANCE ON THE LAWN.



WHERE MEMBERS MAY RESIDE: MANOR GARDEN,
ONE OF THE DORMER HOUSES.



AN APARTMENT WITH A FINE ADAM CEILING:
THE READING-ROOM.

The glories of Henley will be revived this summer, for the Regatta has been fixed for July 4 and 5, and the King is giving a special cup for a new race, between eights representing the Allied Forces. Another sign of Henley's renewed prosperity was the reopening (on April 9) of Phyllis Court, that most beautiful and typically English of clubs, with its lovely old house and grounds, and a regatta stand on the riverside opposite the winning-post. Dancing is to be a feature of the Club's diversions this year, and the season will end with a hard-court tennis

FAMOUS PHYLLIS COURT CLUB REOPENED.



THE LUNCHEON-ROOM AT PHYLLIS COURT:
ANOTHER VIEW.



THE INTERIOR OF PHYLLIS COURT: A CORNER
OF THE MAIN LOUNGE.



A CORNER OF THE PHYLLIS COURT LAWNS:
THE GUARDS' BAND-STAND.



THE REGATTA STAND: A VIEW
FROM THE LAWN.



WHERE ROYALTY HAS WATCHED THE REGATTA:
A BOX IN THE CLUB STAND.

tournament under the auspices of the Lawn-Tennis Association. So great is the rush to join the River Headquarters of Society that the entrance fee—which, as in most of the leading clubs, was suspended during the war—is to be resumed. Phyllis Court is a place of historic memories. In Cromwell's time it was a Roundhead fort, defending the London and Oxford road against Royalist troops at Greenlands. The old river wall and mooring basin were originally earthworks and a moat constructed by Sir Bulstrode Whitlock's troops as defences.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

GLADYS PETO

"DRY ROT," AND OTHER NONSENSE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HIS is not a dissertation on mildew, phylloxera, and other blights of the vine which go to make a *mauvaise année*, as the wine-growers say in my country. This sort of "rot" is what that delicious *dégustatrice* Delysia calls "insanity," and the "dry"—well, I hardly need explain a much-discussed and disliked term! "I ha'e ma douts" that the dry order will ever be obeyed, even if it becomes a law. We know where good intentions go to, according to Dante! To treat the *carte des vins* as a scrap of paper is indeed a heinous offence. I won't break a lance in defence of whisky, gin, or rum, which, to me, seem to be strenuously acquired tastes; but to turn up one's nose at wine shows a disdain for the compensations of a complex life which I would not call stoicism, but silliness! So that all my sympathy goes to my countrywoman, Mlle. Delysia, who has the moral courage to declare that she won't go to America if she is not allowed to have a glass of wine with her *déjeuner* or *dîner*. To French people, those spasmodic efforts at teetotalism are incomprehensible and futile. Wine is pleasant to the palate and beneficent in its action: that being so, what is wrong with wine? Of course, you can have too much of wine, as you can have too much of water—and get drowned! It is very regrettable to get either drunk or drowned. But would it be logical to drain all the rivers and screw all the taps, because water can be dangerous? What a life, *mes enfants*, if all things dangerous were to be abolished for the benefit of fools and weaklings! There would be hardly

paring nails! Then no more knife, no more matches, no more anything at all?

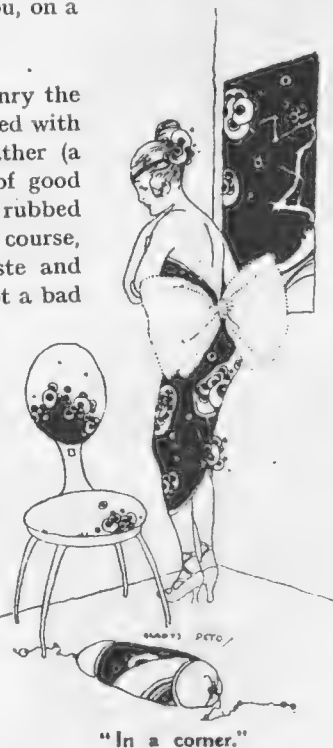
A meal without wine is as incomplete as a meal without bread. Bread and wine are classical commodities, noble necessities. Old Omar, who knew a thing or two, does not invite his love to feast on a bun and a cup of tea, but, mark you, on a flask of wine and a loaf of bread.

One of our most popular kings, Henry the Fourth of Navarre, was actually baptised with wine. When he was born his grandfather (a *bon vivant*, I bet) poured a few drops of good old wine between the baby's lips and rubbed a *gousse* of garlic on his tongue. Of course, the garlic touch is a question of taste and temperament; but the wine rite was not a bad idea—one can't begin too early one's training as a *connaisseur*! The fact that that same Henry the Fourth was assassinated was no sequence to his taste in old vintage, and many still less fortunate have been assassinated who had been brought up on boiled water and sterilised milk! And take cheese, for instance—I mean, take it *with* wine, and take it by itself, then tell me whether cheese and wine are not a perfect sample of the marriage of matter. So much so, that the *dégustateurs* by profession—otherwise professional wine-tasters—when they go their round of *chais* and vineyards, are always offered a piece of cheese to enhance the flavour of what they are about to drink. And, in its turn, the cheese after wine seems more meant for the palate of the gods than for ordinary mortals with a little beard and a red decoration in their buttonhole, as every French *bourgeois* wears who respects himself.

I could write reams on the graces of the grape, but I am afraid all those United States Senators from across so much water might put me in a "corner" or a "trust," or whatever they do in America to law-breakers. Still, if I can't see eye to eye with that portion of American men, I get on very well with their younger countrymen who, over here, do not seem to sulk at the good things of life! And they do dance well, those American boys. We had a lot of them at the Lyceum Club on the 15th, some hundred American Army students taking courses at the University here. Dr. MacClean, head of the American Universities in Europe, helped the hostess of the evening, Mrs. Florence Allen Degen, to receive the guests; and though we of the Lyceum are said (sheer libel, of course!) to be blue-stockings, for once we frivelled with a will.

I commend the change-your-partner stunt, which used to be a cotillon figure, but was introduced on that occasion, when men were in the majority. At a given signal, men who have no partner pounce on the ladies of their choice who are jazzing away in the arms of other men, boldly carry them off and finish the dance with them—unless they, in their turn, are similarly interrupted! Quite a good notion, I think; variety has its charm, and if you are dancing with a bad partner, you are glad of the respite.

The Washington Inn for American Officers in St. James's Square provides that delightful "happy home" atmosphere which the boys all hanker after, and which the Y.M.C.A. always create. The Washington Inn believes in enjoyment, and there are dances twice a week, besides lectures of an evening, and Sunday afternoons are like "at-homes" where there is a hostess, Mrs. Florence Allen Degen, to introduce and welcome the young men, and the greatest artists of the age contribute to the entertainment.



anything left to play with, or even work with! A knife which is used to peel an apple or sharpen a pencil—two perfectly praise-worthy actions—can also be turned to murder or, more horrible still—

"Old Omar does not invite his love to feast on a bun and a cup of tea."

THE MUSICAL "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE": THE HEROINE.



SEEN AS LADY MARY CARLISLE, AT THE PRINCE'S: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

It was a happy idea to present "Monsieur Beaucaire," originally produced years ago by Lewis Waller as a comedy, in the new form of a musical play, and the audiences at the Prince's Theatre are very appreciative. It is a gallant and fascinating affair, for so romantic a theme lends itself ideally to a play which also boasts picturesqueness of costume. It was a delightful

production in the first instance, and is more so now than it was fifteen years or so ago. Miss Maggie Teyte could scarcely have been given a more captivating rôle than that of Lady Mary Carlisle, and her success was immediate and emphatic, her songs, to André Messager's music, proving irresistible, and her acting equally acceptable.—[Photograph by Strauss-Peyton Studio.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



IT is easy to be a Triton among minnows, but Kipling is still a Triton among the Tritons. After enduring much "new" poetry—attenuated stuff, in the main, which clothes plain facts or a little prettiness of idea in formless, rhymeless verse that has neither strength nor beauty—to read "The Years Between" is like escaping from the petty aestheticisms of a suburban parlour into the open air and real life of the world.

For, whatever else Kipling is not, he is vigorously alive. They say that his best poetry is rhetoric, but it would be truer to say that his best rhetoric is poetry; and there is no rhetoric in "My Boy Jack," or, to say nothing of others, in the simple, natural, quietly poignant "Recantation." These and his golden tribute to the French, "France, 1913," and "For All We Have and Are"—perhaps the most memorable of all the war poems—are enough of themselves to make this a book one is glad to have.

No living essayist has a subtler charm of style than Francis Grierson; he writes with profound insight of "Illusions and Realities of the War," but I wonder whether he is right in thinking that one result of the war will be to change completely our taste in fiction? "The old novels, for the greater part, will die of inanition." Our young men have faced death in the trenches, and "is it possible for such minds to come back to find pleasure in Pickwick or Monte Cristo?"

Yet in the trenches no novelists were more popular than Dickens, Scott, and Nat Gould. Mr. Grierson agrees with "one competent London critic" that "the dull sensual novel is buried in Flanders"; and he tells us that "a new realism is coming, in which the sentimental, if it exists, will apply only to those who cling to the past and who will figure as insignificant characters in the background." There is virtue in that word "dull," otherwise the sensual novel shows no sign of being *in extremis*; and I have just been assured by a newspaper syndicate that the demand for the sentimental serial is greater than ever.

Among the stories of adventure at sea and on land which H. M. Tomlinson tells breezily and with a delightful sense of humour in "Old Junk," there are digressions on "The Art of Writing" and on "Bed-Books and Night-Lights." "Almost any book does for a

"Such Stuff as Dreams" sounds as though it ought to be a bed book, and certainly it has the qualities of clearness, humour, and quaint fancy that Mr. Tomlinson favours in the fiction he loves to read by candle-light. It is a story of London, with its starting and finishing point in the Theobald's Road flat of Fitzroy Stone and his pleasant little wife, Jessie. Into the story come their neighbour



INTER-ALLIES ROWING ON THE SEINE: THE FRENCH CREW IN TRAINING FOR NEXT MONTH'S RACE.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

the courteous Mr. Dubosc; Mr. Sampson, the New Religionist pastor, a windy humbug who tyrannises over his wife and son; and Jessie's drunken, kindly, lovable old Uncle Zeph.

Fitzroy is an ordinary City clerk, who is seceding from the New Religion, becoming a materialist, arguing that "the only thing that matters is matter," till an accident to his head leaves him surprisingly endowed with an extra sense, so that all the London of the past and the motley crowds that peopled it become literally and plainly visible to him. I am not going to tell of the happiness and the trouble he found in the development of this gift.

The new volume in the collected edition of Leonard Merrick's novels is "The House of Lynch," the story, as Mr. Chesterton describes it, "of a spirited and self-respecting artist who refused to profit by the polluted wealth of a base and blatant American millionaire. He insists on marrying the daughter of the millionaire as if she were the daughter of a pauper; and the rest of the story records his own struggle to avoid pauperism and maintain principle." It is "a serious sketch of a personal struggle against the commercial power," touched with the comedy and pathos of that Bohemia Mr. Merrick knows so intimately, and might, as Mr. Chesterton says, be called "the tragedy of Bohemia" if the close were not "too triumphant to be tragic."

Real Bohemians who have inhabited London's Bohemia in the last fifty years, and a miscellany of leading actors and actresses, music-hall stars, journalists, politicians, famous beauties, and respectable or rascally persons of importance in their day crowd the pages of McDonald Rendle's "Swings and Roundabouts." He came up from the country and started his career in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and though he complains that "the journalist has never been a favourite with the public," and is never honoured by being invited to open Baths and Washhouses, he makes it clear that he may have a full and joyously interesting time.

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Years Between.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen.)
Illusions and Realities of the War. By Francis Grierson. (John Lane.)
Old Junk. By H. M. Tomlinson. (Andrew Melrose.)
Such Stuff as Dreams. By C. E. Lawrence. (John Murray.)
The House of Lynch. By Leonard Merrick. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Swings and Roundabouts. By McDonald Rendle. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.)
Love Laughs Last. By G. S. Tallentyre. (Blackwood.)
The Great Alone. By George Goodchild. (Simpkin, Marshall.)



WHAT'S IN A NAME? FANNY BURNLEY'S HOUSE, CAMILLA LACEY, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Camilla Lacey, near Dorking, the country seat of Mr. Leverton Harris, M.P., was burnt down the other day. The original house was built by Fanny Burney out of the proceeds of her third novel, "Camilla"—hence its name.

Some of her manuscripts and other relics were destroyed in the fire.

Photograph by A. W. S. White, Leatherhead.

bed-book,' an old woman once said to me," he writes. "I nearly replied in a hurry that almost any woman would do for a wife; but that is not the way to bring people to a conviction of sin. Her idea was that the bed-book is a soporific."

He plumps for Heine, "Gulliver's Travels," Anatole France's *Isle of Penguins*, "Tristram Shandy," and the Bible.



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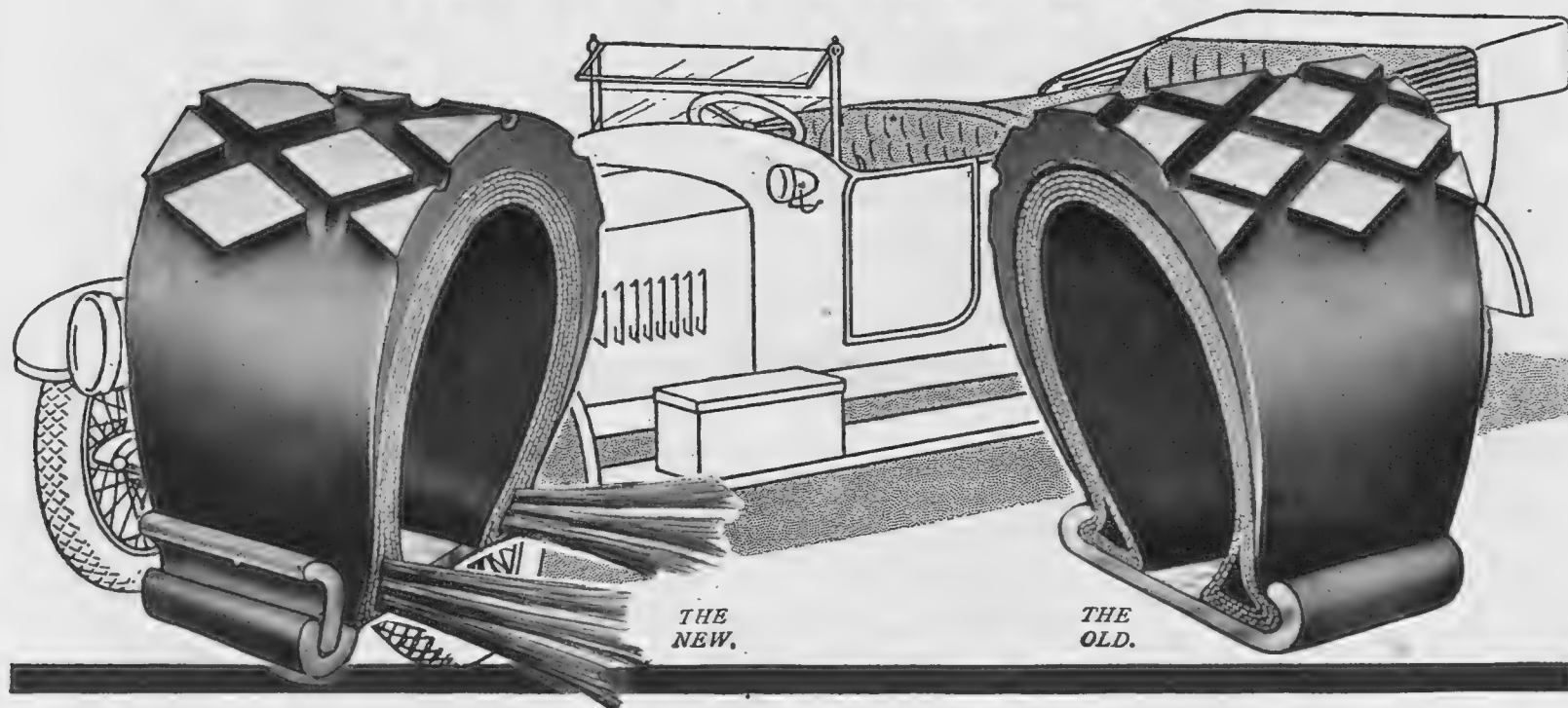
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DRAWN BY HAROLD EARNSHAW.

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THE INTER-ALLIED AIR COMMISSION.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

THOSE who look forward to the happy day when one can climb into an aeroplane and fly off cheerfully to any foreign country, near or far, with no more trouble in the way of formalities than were inflicted on one in the happy pre-war days, when passports were unknown, will probably receive something of a shock when they come to investigate the regulations which will ultimately be fixed by the International Aeronautical Commission which has been sitting for some time in Paris. Unfortunately, it is a fact that quite a large amount of regulating of international aerial traffic will be necessary if gross abuses of aircraft as international vehicles are to be avoided.

The British Representatives.

It is eminently satisfactory to learn that good progress has been made by the Commission, and that the members have arrived at a substantial agreement on important points in connection with the future of commercial aviation. For this happy state of affairs great credit is due to Major-General Sir F. H. Sykes, the Controller-General of Civil Aviation, and to Mr. H. White Smith, of the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, Ltd., of Bristol, who is Chairman of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. These two gentlemen are the chief British representatives on the Commission, and one would have to think for a long time before one could suggest men as well fitted for this particularly delicate task. Both of them have had a long and intimate acquaintance with aeronautics, for General Sykes was one of the first British officers to learn to fly, and it was he who had the task of organising the Royal Flying Corps in its earliest days.

British Missions.

Mr. White Smith was concerned with the formation of the Bristol Company (as it is commonly called) when the late Sir George White decided, in 1910, to devote his vast energy and resources to the building up of a British aircraft industry. Mr. White Smith has had very considerable experience of international aviation, for in 1912 he was the head of a mission sent by the Bristol Company to introduce British aeroplanes to the Government of India, and at a later date he conducted the affairs of another Bristol mission which went to Petrograd to introduce our aircraft to the Russian Government. The Bristol Company was the first British firm to take up seriously the business of selling British aircraft to foreign buyers, and, as secretary of that company, Mr. White Smith has at one time or another before the war come into contact with the chiefs of aviation of practically all foreign countries.

The Under-Secretary for Air.

One gathers, also, that on several occasions the Under-Secretary of State



IN A BRISTOL TRIPLANE: HOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO WALK ABOUT THE MACHINE WHILE IN FLIGHT.

Photograph by Central Press.

for Air—Major-General J. E. B. Seely—has paid, literally, flying visits to Paris in order to assist the Commission, and it is well known that General Seely has a happy knack of ingratiating himself with those in high places in foreign countries.

Countries Represented.

The list of countries represented at the Convention is interesting, for one is informed that, in addition to the representatives of France, Great Britain, the United States, Italy, and Japan, there were also present representatives of Portugal, Belgium, Brazil, Roumania, Greece, Serbia, and Cuba. One has not the total list of our gallant Allies by one at the moment, but one is under the impression that during the war we had twenty-two Allies, so that apparently eleven of them have not been represented at the Conference. One notes particularly the omission of the name of Siam, though Siam has quite a considerable Flying Corps; and, moreover, one happens to know that the kingdom of Siam, with its extensive coast-line and great rivers, offers great opportunities for the use of flying-boats.

Neutral States.

It seems also that, for the present at any rate, neutral States have not been invited to the Conference, which should, one imagines, be called the Inter-Allied Aeronautical Commission rather than the International Aeronautical Commission. Spain, for example, which is a most important country where international aviation is concerned, is not represented, nor is the Argentine Republic—which State is likely to be one of the biggest users of aircraft in the future, on account of her extensive plains and her rivers and sea-coast. Chili, Peru, and Bolivia are also likely to be users of aircraft on a large scale, and will have to be consulted concerning international aviation when the Allies have arranged their own affairs. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are also very important in any scheme of international aviation.

Enemy Countries.

Also it follows logically that after peace is signed our erstwhile enemies in Central Europe will have to be considered very seriously in connection with commercial aviation, for the great Central European plains afford greater opportunities for the use of aircraft than do the physical features of any of the Western countries, and it by no means follows that Germany and Austria will agree to all the regulations set up by the Allies. People are, perhaps, a trifle apt to forget that, after peace is signed, we cannot use our Army of Occupation nor the blockading capabilities of the British Navy as an argument to persuade the Central Empires to agree to regulations which are set up without their consent. However, unless the Central Empires wish to confine their commercial aviation entirely within their own borders, they will have to consent, sooner or later, to abide by the regulations of those countries which surround them. That the benefits and advantages to be gained by a scheme of practically universal utility are obvious should preclude any great difficulty in arranging matters.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE FUSELAGE: THE PILOT COMING ABOARD A BRISTOL TRIPLANE, THROUGH HIS SPECIAL TRAP-DOOR.

Photograph by Central Press.

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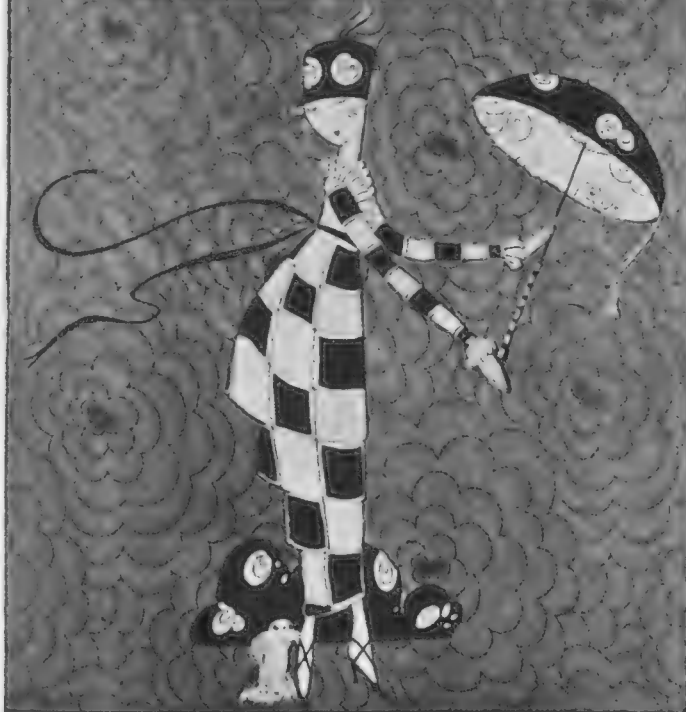
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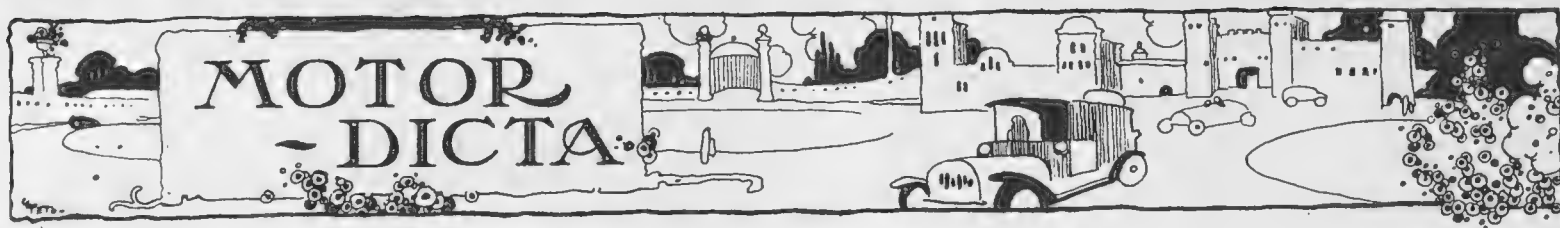
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A WINDOW IN HERTS: THE BUDGET AND "DAMAGED GOODS." BY GERALD BISS.

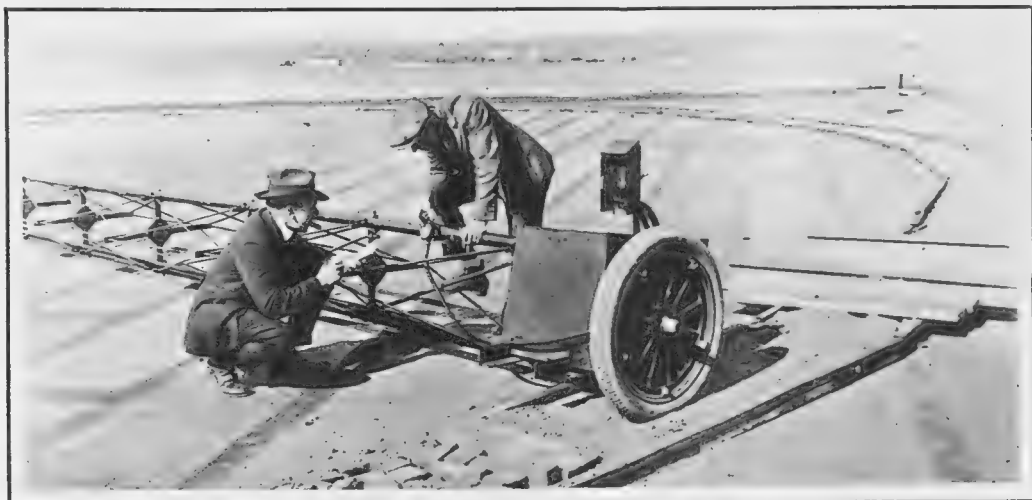
MUCH of the later part of the war it fell to my lot to watch, while I wrote, from a window in Herts—a window on a main road leading both North and to the East Coast, of first-class importance strategically. The few cars outside the military that used it soon became fatally familiar—those of the local doctors, the comparative few with driblets granted for station and other necessary work, and the hirelings of the neighbourhood, but nary a joy-ride amongst the lot. Great Army wagons raised great clouds of acrid dust and ruthlessly ploughed up the road; giant sections of seaplanes made for the fringe of the once yclept German Ocean; heavy stores of all sorts rolled and rattled past at all hours of the day and night; and constant was the pob-pob-pob of the military motor-cyclist. Never were we so active in our passivity as when the Brass Hats in Whitehall got frozen feet some two years gone by at the nightmare of a Hun invasion, the result of late hours and Welsh-rabbits, specially served up hot by George P. and his new *fidus* Achates, the Thane of Thanet.

Look on This
Easter, and on
That.

But hardly less so the
last Easter of our near
undoing as ever was, when
we lived from edition to

edition of the evening papers and lay awake by nights awaiting the anxious arrival of the morning ones, browsing hysterically upon censorial camouflage and a diet of retailed and rationed half-truths that only too often suggested wholesale lies. Yes, the road was grimly busy from my window in Herts last Eastertide. This Easter the dust of five years of neglect may have been just as bad, or worse; but it had lost its grimness, and left no bitter taste in the mouth. I was out in it myself, if not far afield, and it was almost a pleasure to take that of a better-mounted brother of the wheel after all the nightmare of immobility; and through

scrupulosity of yore, and the smartest of them well caked with a vintage crust from the superfluity of microbic dust that obsesses the highways and by-ways of to-day with indiscriminate generosity of grit and germs. Yet they were things of beauty and joys (I trust) for ever—ancient Lizzies as overcrowded as London hotels; war-worn two-seaters bristling after the fashion of sardine-tins; seldom Daimlers, Napiers, and Rolls-Roysterers in their stately grace and smoothness of passage; more frequent the too-familiar female upon



A RACING-TRACK FOR TYRES ONLY! A "SPEEDWAY" ON A FACTORY ROOF.

The photograph is described as follows: "This speedway is located on the roof of a factory building in Denver (Colo.), and is intended to test automobile tyres. On it they find out all the wear and tear of actual road conditions. An ingenious machine is used for this purpose. It consists of a long arm (revolving in a circle) on the end of which is attached the tyre. A weight equivalent to that of a heavily loaded automobile is suspended over the tyre in such a way that the tyre itself carries the load. The track on which the tyre travels is half a mile long, and presents every feature of bad and good roads. Once started, the tyre continues on its journey until it has given its maximum of mileage.—[Photo, by Photopress.]

the mud-guard of a motor-bike, perched between her idea of heaven and mine of hell—but, one and all, however hump-backed or humble, symbolic of the soul of the open road, eleutheromaniacs with their spirits freed from prison. And how about next Easter, by when dilly-dally, willy-nilly, Bolshie-wolshie, the world should know its fate, for better, for worse? But who could but be an optimist, encircled by a cloud of joy-ride dust by day and dazzled by pillars of electric head-lights by night?

The Budget and
the Second-Hand
Booster.

Moreover, bar the probabilities of the Budget, due this very day of dread, with Austen come to judgment, the situation is inclined to be somewhat easier from the financial or pro-

fiteering point of view—terms synonymous for the last lost lustrum—owing to the partial raising of the restriction of imports as to cars and the parts thereof, unto each month (up to the death-knell of the unpreserved and depleted partridge of blessed flavour) half its actual quantity of 1913, with spare parts *ad lib.* for autos of foreign extraction actually on the road, or dry-docked by disrepair in this once United Kingdom. The latter is very sound, and cannot but make for the greater good of automobilism, while the former can do but little, if any harm, acting not destructively upon British manufacture in ultimate incidence, especially with a protective guard of 33 1-3 per cent. in the short tariff suit, and at the same time stimulating production within a reasonable period, and checking the hectoring exorbitancy of the second-hand booster of damaged goods with a doubtful future, and often a more dubious past, like the naughty ladies in the plays of two decades ago, when folk camouflaged life within doors and nibbled at vice in public. There is undoubtedly a case outside its own control to be made out more or less successfully for the British industry in its agony of re-birth under retardatory conditions; but the second, third and thirty-third hand ramp is as pitiful a piece of profiteering and battenning upon the necessities of others as anything in the piebald history of war finance. Anything that will cut into it has at least the elements of good in its ethical make-up.



IN DISTURBED IRELAND: H.M. TANK "SCOTCH AND SODA" AS A POST AT WHICH PASSES MUST BE SHOWN BEFORE ENTERING LIMERICK.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

the window there was a pleasure in the passers-by this Easter when we were all more jazzed against than jazzing.

Eleutheromania. True, the autos were neither as stately nor so dinky as of yore—jaded and dingy, most of them, war-scarred, dull of paint, and not tended with that

HARRODS 6-ROOM FLAT—£500

THERE are a few problems with which, at some time or other, all of us are confronted: where to live and, having found the desirable house, flat, or cottage, how to furnish it economically but well. For the choice of furniture means far more than appears to the casual eye. In this case it has to be the far-seeing eye, which, while it looks for moderate price, must also concentrate on the important point of value.

THE ROUND SUM

This is a real problem, but Harrods have solved it in a manner which is at once obvious to anyone who considers their £500 scheme for furnishing a Six-roomed Flat—a scheme which will apply equally well to the country cottage, or, by means of adjustment, to the larger flat. The sum of £500 is suggested as a concession to the purchaser who likes to think in round figures. The fact that such a

sum is quoted at all by such a house as Harrods simply means that Harrods have taken the burden of thought on their own shoulders, sparing their clients and ensuring success.

Such a flat or a cottage of six rooms might be made the cosiest little home in the world, and Harrods are ready to promise it shall be so if good furniture counts. The atmosphere of the little home is to be Jacobean, and the furniture throughout has the character of that picturesque yet practical period in oak of a rich antique shade and of first-class workmanship. The hall, which, when properly treated, is an asset of value in the small house, is covered with pretty linoleum and possesses its hat-and-coat rail, umbrella stand, table, chair, and mats; in the dining-room the sideboard is capacious and practical, the table solid and roomy; the bookcase in the lounge sitting-room will hold our most cherished books, and the settee and divan chairs are designed to ensure real comfort. The Axminster carpets not only delight the eye with charming lines, but are warranted to stand the wear and tear of everyday life; the wardrobes will comfortably hold, not crush, the prettiest frocks; and the beds, with their spring mattresses and real feather bolsters and pillows, are ready to offer a grateful repose. This £500 scheme includes, moreover, some of



the most costly furnishing items of to-day; an ample supply of cutlery and plate; blankets and bed, table- and house-linen; china and glass in plenty, and turnery and ironmongery. So complete and practical is the whole scheme, so admirable in its common-sense and so happy in its artistic feeling, that the most severe of critics can find no weak spot on which to put a finger.

IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS

But, if the critic is inclined to cavil, he may object that everyone cannot put their hands, at a moment's notice, on such a sum as £500. Well, Harrods are perfectly willing to accept 10 per cent. of the whole amount as a first instalment, allowing the balance, plus 2½ per cent., to be spread over one, two, or three years. Harrods also pay carriage on all goods over £10 in value to any station or port in the United Kingdom, which, therefore, means yet another very definite advantage.

A Post-card to Harrods Ltd., London, S.W., will ensure your receiving a complete Schedule.

—Across the Rhine

Used to be a jest in the Trenches that the "Decca" would soon be playing in Cologne. Now it's a reality. And it's good to think of it—good to know there's a British newspaper published in Cologne for British troops, and British "Deccas" there to entertain our Army of Occupation.

THE DECCA THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

The "Decca" is so light, compact and portable that it can be carried with ease anywhere. No Case required, no loose parts to get lost. When moving, it will go in the Mess Box and not worry anyone. On arrival, it is ready to play immediately opened.

The "Decca," though so small, is as loud, as rich in tone, and as clear in reproduction as the most expensive Gramophones. There is not another gramophone like it in construction. Its distinctive features are patented. Plays all makes and sizes of needle records perfectly.

ALSO IDEAL FOR WEEK-END HOLIDAYS.

"She shall have Music wherever she goes."

In Leather Cloth	Compressed Fibre	Solid Cowhide
£7 15s. 0d.	£8 15s. 0d.	£12 12s. 0d.

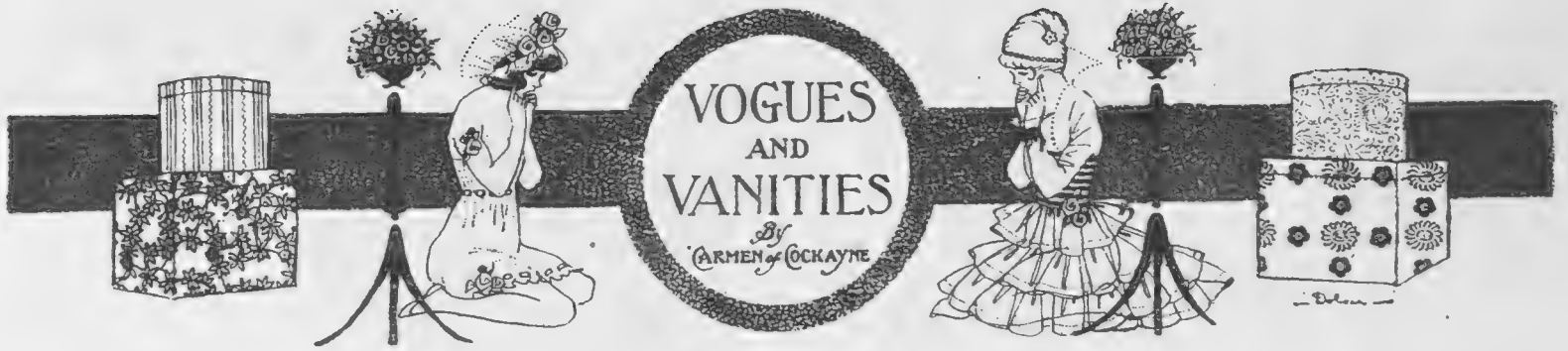
Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—

THE DULCEPHONE CO., 32, WORSHIP ST., LONDON, E.C.2

Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.





Oh, To Be in Fig-Leaves.

With dress prices still soaring sky-high, it's not surprising to find women, and really "nice" women at that, almost pining for a return to primitive fashions of the kind that first saw light in Eden. "Oh, to be in fig-leaves now that peace-time's here" is, in effect, the burden of quite a lot of the remarks recently made by women who find that the very little in the way of a "dress" that Fashion allows at the moment swallows up, in some cases, more than half of a dress-allowance that remains where it was in 1914.



Filet lace, palest-pink georgette, and white silk embroidery met in dainty conference to achieve this blouse.

is broad-minded enough not to wish to force any woman into wearing what does not please her individual taste. Smartness can be combined with a due regard for privacy. It is not really necessary to face the world more or less bare to the waist, in order to convince people that you have attractive arms, and that your dazzling complexion is matched by shoulder-blades equally perfectly covered. After all, there are some things one would rather keep to oneself.

The Useful Coat-Frock.

The "useful" in dress has so long been regarded as the "dowdy" that it took the coat-frock many months to convince women that utility and *chic* were not necessarily antagonistic. At Samuel Brothers, 221-223, Oxford Street, the art of using beauty and fashion for useful ends is well understood, and the frock Dolores has sketched to-day shows one way of doing it. The material used is navy-blue gabardine, the short panel-like front of which is decorated with rows of narrow black braid, and finished with a row of the black silk fringe without which no modish garment is considered complete. The fact that the gown is gathered slightly at the hips in no

An Altered Outlook.

It's more than dresses, too. One can't help wondering, sometimes, when and where the passion for material economy is going to end. The light-hearted view that so many gowns take of their responsibilities these days would be very disquieting to the more sober-minded, if it were not that Fashion, whilst smiling on a display of Nature rather more lavish than was thought proper at one time,



Military braid and fringe add a decorative note to this well cut and tailored dress of dark-blue serge.

way interferes with the slender line, and has the advantage of leaving the wearer complete freedom of action.



The panama may be seen in every shape. No one could deny that this girl chose the right one.

modest wardrobe. In this connection, pink georgette with a deep panel-collar and insertions of filet lace is an admirable ally; and if something plainer is fancied, Samuel Brothers are equal to the occasion, with well-cut "shirts," the collars of which are relieved from sheer plainness by rows of faggot stitching, similar treatment being doled out to the breast pocket.

For the Children. With the end of the holidays in sight, the problem of "school clothes" becomes a pressing one. Just exactly how their owners manage to make a new suit or costume look as if it had done years of hard work after only one term's wear is a secret that has never yet been divulged. It's certain, however, that the parent has yet to be found who would willingly

allow some young hopeful to return to school dressed in a fashion likely to attract the unfavourable criticism of his fellows. Children are rather more unkind as well as very much more critical than their elders; but, fortunately for parents, the firm already mentioned makes provision for the needs of youth as well as others more advanced in age. Jolly little overcoats in tweeds of various colours, jumper suits in stockinet, gay woollen jerseys, and delightful frocks for everyday, as well as "party" wear, are amongst the things especially provided for young people. Dainty "sweet lavender" undergarments to wear with them are also to be had for the asking; whilst if the long-suffering mother should happen to feel inclined to get something for herself, cosy sweaters and "woollies" of all kinds, as well as frivolous "undies" in crystalline and crêpe-de-Chine, are amongst the things that will make the translation of inclination into action an easy as well as pleasant process.

One Result Of It.

One result of the vogue for cloak-like wraps has been to emphasise the importance of the smart blouse. No woman, of course, needs to be reminded that a blouse is about the most important item in her wardrobe, and doubles the usefulness of any suit she may happen to possess. Similarly, with a well-selected collection of georgette or crêpe-de-Chine models at hand, and a really attractive wrap to wear over them, it's possible to ring the changes indefinitely on a quite



She turns her back on the world, so that it may envy the floss silk embroidery on her square collar.

MILKMAID CAFÉ - AU - LAIT

Leaves no "grounds" for complaint.

Wilson and Clemenceau may disagree on some points but never on the merits of Café-au-Lait. A boon in the days of war, Café-au-Lait is one of the joys of peace. It is just full-cream milk, sugar and the choicest coffee expertly blended in correct proportions. Provides the "perfect" cup of coffee with the true Continental flavour, and, in addition, makes the most delicious puddings and sweet dishes. In summer, as Iced Coffee, or Café Frappé as it is called in France, it is simply topping for dinner or dance.

Prepared in England by the proprietors of Nestlé's Milk and sold everywhere.

Cash price 5½d., 10½d. and 1/8 per tin.



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Everywhere and anywhere Craven Mixture holds the premier position with the suitors of "My Lady Nicotine."

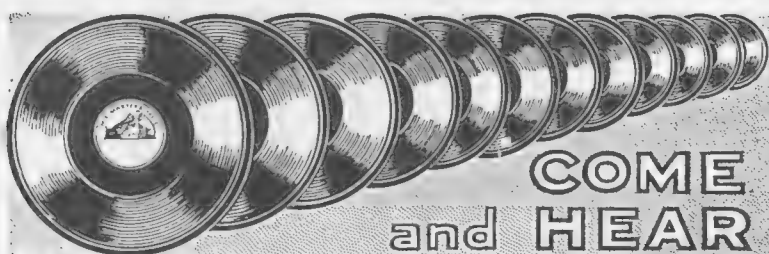
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is the synonym for comfort—a rare mixture that brings peace and contentment.—It is universally enjoyed by all appreciative smokers.

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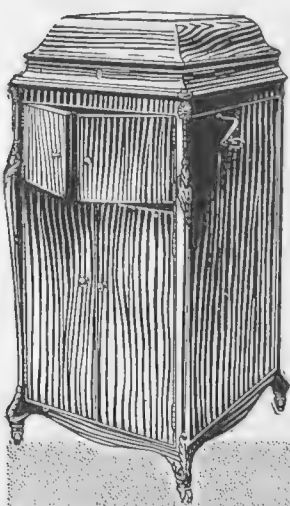
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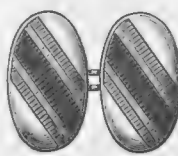
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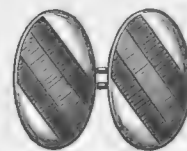
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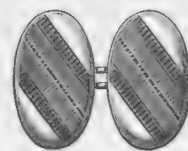
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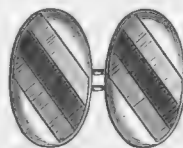
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are supplied at the
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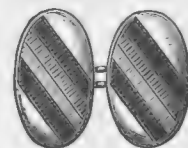


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Money returned
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THE FASHIONABLE RIBBON WRISTLET.

With Diamond Initial set in Palladium and White Enamel Slide.
Every letter from A to Z in stock.



All £4 10 0 each.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

What Is It? Easter over; about to start upon what ought to be the season; wedding bells ringing gaily until the month of May—of evil omen for matrimony—is ushered in; yet there is over us all a trail of uncertainty. No one knows why exactly. We are a victorious nation; we have destroyed German militarism by land, air, and sea; but there are other things—queer, nebulous; not to be put into words, that keep us living as we did in war-time, for the hour alone, afraid to think much or say anything about the future. It is not altogether uncertainty about the Peace terms being signed, I think. We all believe that this must be done. It is not fear of Bolshevism; here that is unthinkable. It is reaction from the state of-turmoil of all the world that forbids us to settle things much in advance or to look forward with anything like the old assurance.

Happy on Earth, in the Air, or at Sea. "Will you fly with me?" is a question that can be answered in the affirmative now without fear of courts as a consequence. Many a maid flies with a man, without prejudice, in these days. The fashion is to enthuse over it, and declare it the loveliest sensation ever experienced. There have been faces that have belied the words; and it is very certain that some folk are no happier in the air than at sea. There is plenty of excitement, however, about these first flights; and to many the thrills prove the enjoyment. From a point of view of pure pleasure, a moderately paced motor run is far before a half-hour flight, and far better value for the money in these exquisite spring days we have had lately. But, added to the thrill of flying is the attraction of dressing up; and it is one that makes quite an irresistible appeal to us Britons, stodgily sensible as we are said to be.

Jumping Jumpers. Why do not jumpers jump? Some of them do; they jump so startlingly to the eye that one feels as if one had been hit there. Such a jumper was the brightest blue; and as if that were not angry enough, with the grass



A black satin fourreau, touches of gold, and a deep fringe go to the making of this smart frock.

and the furze of the golf course which it adorned, it was finished with a border of orange-and-green stripes, and a red hat was worn. Now, no woman could have acquired such a violent pair of upper garments at a place so celebrated for good taste and suitability as Harvey, Nichols, and Co., Knightsbridge, where a variety of jumpers and hats, or caps to match, can be seen which will harmonise amicably with any golf links, and make the most comfortable wear for the game, or to put on after a few sets at tennis; or after a row on the river, when placid enough to be rowed upon; or for a motor run. Jumpers, as their name infers, are always general utility garments; and if acquired where taste reigns, will be generally attractive as well.

Quite a Perambulation. I went with a girl to buy her fiancé an Easter egg, and had a strenuous time, and no mistake. From shop to shop we took our way, until it became a weary one, and the taxi had ticked off enough twopences to buy quite a respectable present. Then I had an inspiration: "Why not cuff-links? He has been so long in khaki he will love new ones." "But I want something connected with the war, and his regiment, and I don't

(Continued overleaf.)

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor: H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.



R. L. E. T. T. E.

"Annexationists"

WILD ORGIES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a sad acknowledgment, but I am a rotten martyr, and nothing bores me more than to dine in the company of a few hundred men at what is optimistically called a "Banquet." I am neither temperamentally nor physically constituted to appreciate these dismally comic functions. The gods have not endowed my stomach with obesity, my nose is not tinted with a purple hue, my appetite is too delicate to be tempted with Armistician plenty, and evidently I lack a sense of humour, since I claim no virtue in the confession that the port wine stories of portly gentlemen leave me chilly.

And what a spectacle! Masses of rotund men in the solid uniformity of their ugly black tail-coats. The only relief in colour is the occasional glint of a bloodshot eye, or the florid flush on the cheek of the dyspeptic. And Dionysus departed.

Eve may be frail, but her company is infinitely preferable to Adam's black solidity. Why do men make such blots of themselves?

Yet directly reform is mentioned, fools shriek.

"Let us hope," shrilly protests the writer in a daily paper, "that this scheme will be killed by laughter. . . . Colour is not for Englishmen. . . . Man goes forth to his work and his labour until the evening, happy in the possession of rainproof boots, a stout mackintosh, and a sound umbrella."

What a life! And what an ideal!

Simply because there is a general reaction against their beloved funereal shades, timorous souls conjure up absurd visions of shapeless elderly gentlemen with pronounced bow windows dexterously avoiding the motor-buses attired in emerald green coats and brilliant nether garments of the Regency period—a sight which would, however, at the very least add to the gaiety of the younger generation.

The believers in colour have not, and never had, the notion of springing pink trousers upon an astonished and unsophisticated world.

Grey and drab are the easy and natural choice of the old, but youth demands its own expression in colour and life.

The House of Pope and Bradley regards conservatism in style as stagnation. And not wishing to supply its productions to elderly millionaires, brewers, and taxi-drivers, it endeavours to keep prices within reach of the financially moral.

Lounge Suits ... from £9 9 0 Dinner Suits ... from £12 12 0
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ROBE DEPT.

"THERESA."

Serviceable Robe of plain coloured sponge cloth—long roll collar of white. The garment is fairly long-waisted and therefore suitable for full or slight figures. In white, sky, biscuit, vieux rose, cherry, reseda, saxe, navy, grey, and black ..

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Samples of material can be had if "THERESA" is mentioned; also Robe on approval, if usual references are given.

The "Italian" Sun Umbrella (as illustrated). In navy, green, and red with Italian coloured borders. In various styles with a large assortment of handles.

11/6, 12/9, 15/9, 18/6 & 21/-

Write for Fashion Catalogue, post free.

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Dickins & Jones

"Always the best."

Graceful TEA COAT and SLIP

S.F.Z. 209. Smart Underslip, to wear with Tea Coat of rich ecru lace, waistband finished with bouquet.

98/6

S.F.Z. 210. Tea Coat, of chiffon, finished with tassels, as sketch.

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Fully illustrated Departmental Booklets post free on application.

If you cannot make a personal call, your requirements by post will be attended to with promptitude and care by expert assistants.

DICKINS & JONES, Ltd.,
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

W. L. JONES, Managing Director.



Your tennis frocks will demand frequent washing to satisfy your innate desire for charm and freshness. Then choose material that will withstand repeated washing. Tootal Piqué is specially woven and finished to give lasting satisfaction.

TOOTAL PIQUE

SEE NAME ON SELVEDGE

There is charm and satisfaction from first to last in tennis or river frocks made from this superior piqué. Every time it comes from the wash its softness and beautiful finish give you real pleasure. And the superior qualities of Tootal Piqué make it inimitable for a tailored suit that loses none of its distinction in the wash.

5/6 the yard, 43/44 inches wide. In five different size cords of White; also a small range of fast colors, to which more will be added as reliable dyes become available.

PATTERNS FREE
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Manufacturers of Tobralco, Tootal Piqué, Tarantulle for Home-sewn Lingerie, Tootal Shirting, Namrit—the Indelible Voile, Pyramid and Lissue Handkerchiefs, and Tootal Cloth.



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THE popularity of these delightful Frocks is scarcely to be wondered at considering their beauty, daintiness, and charm; considering also that none of the models in Harrods "Inexpensive Frock" Salon cost more than 5½ guineas, and many, indeed, cost less.

I.F. CURZON

Smart House Frock. Underdress of Black satin, with panels and belt of fine Navy serge, trimmed with black silk military braid and buttons. Long roll collar of Ivory satin. In Black and Navy serge only. **5½ Gns.**



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Other sizes of "Tudor Rose" Perfume: 7/6, 14/6, 27 6

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Plain Art shades or Printed.

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No. S42. Night-dress, in ivory Jap silk, V-neck forming sailor collar of blue or pink silk, sleeves edged to match.

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EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY




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CHARMING HAT in soft straw with frayed edge, or of taffeta silk, with flower and wheat trimming.

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are known in all fashionable dress circles as admittedly the finest productions of their kind.

OF ALL LEADING DRAPERS.



Ask for the genuine "Devonshire" Tulles and avoid foreign imitations.

In case of any difficulty, write John Heathcoat & Co., Tiverton, Devonshire; or 13, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.2.

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INCOMPARABLE VALUE.

Attractive SHIRT

in a really superfine quality of heavy French Crêpe-de-Chine. The model is designed and made throughout in our own workrooms and is faultless in finish. Cut full for comfort, its easy graceful lines give a distinctive smartness. It is offered as an example of "Walpole" value.

PRICE

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Colour: PINK OR IVORY ONLY.

Sizes: 42, 44, 46 and 48.



A selection only of Blouse illustrated, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London Trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

Gorrings

Elegant Model Rest Gowns

We have in our Salons an interesting display of delightful Rest Gowns—as graceful and charming as the creation illustrated here.

Charming Rest Gown in heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, Panel back and front, of rich Oriental Brocade to tone, finished at waist with fine girdle of self Crêpe-de-Chine. Stocked in an attractive shade of Nattier or Cherry and Black with Silver to order.

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Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside Green, Real Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather-bound Book. Leather-cornered Writing Board. Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure Papers. Really a charming Case. Will wear for years. Sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom. JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY, LTD., KENSINGTON, W.8.

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No. 450. Size 8 ft. x 6 ft. Full particulars and estimate on application.

Inquiries invited for Greenhouses, Conservatories, Summer Houses, Boat Houses, Motor-Car and Motor-Cycle Houses, Stables and Kennels, Poultry Houses and Appliances, etc.

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For pleasure's sake—for real enjoyment of Garden Life—it is good to have one of these Shelters—to be able to face sun or wind or shelter from them just as you desire, according to the mood and the moment.

These Boulton & Paul Shelters are soundly built and finely finished—made from selected timber by highly skilled labour. They are ornamental as well as useful. They are made in dozens of different designs in various sizes. Many designs are in stock—ready for immediate delivery.

Write for full particulars of these Shelters. Illustrations and Estimates will be submitted.

Soft Delicate and Soothing
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A Perfect Blend
of Choice Tobaccos
2oz. Packets 1/11
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130

Lotus

IS that old pair of golf shoes in the dressing-room good enough for a rainy day? Are not the chances ten to one that the feet will be wet before reaching the turn? And, are not wet feet, even should one chance to be, say, three up, most uncomfortable if not actually dangerous?

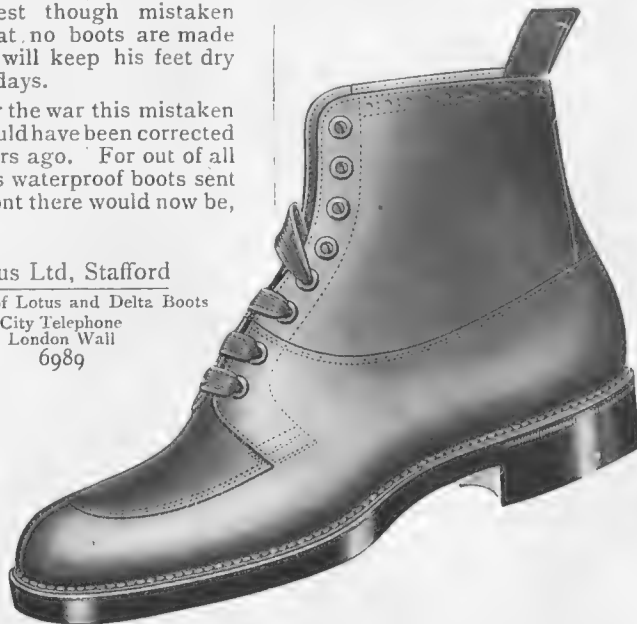
Yes, but this is a risk nearly every golfer runs, and runs in the honest though mistaken belief that no boots are made yet that will keep his feet dry on such days.

But for the war this mistaken belief would have been corrected three years ago. For out of all the Lotus waterproof boots sent to the front there would now be,

at a low estimate, some 25,000 pairs in dressing rooms and their splendid water-resisting qualities would be known to the members of nearly every golf club.

Lotus are guaranteed absolutely waterproof and are obtainable at one or more shops in every town. They have their name and price (68/-) branded on the soles.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots
City Telephone
London Wall
6989



Ever Rising

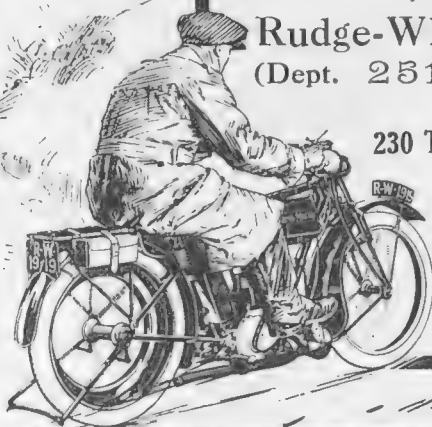
in the estimation of the Public is the RUDGE MULTI, which, by its reliability, is constantly increasing in favour. For pleasure and business riding, in city and in country, the MULTI is unequalled as a means of quick and easy transit. The Rudge Multi gear fits any gradient.

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Cycle Makers to
H.M. King George

R. 432

Rudge Multi

SHORT AFTERNOON COATEE BLOUSE

We have now in stock a number of smart Jumper Coatees, all of which are copied from the newest Paris models.

COATEE JUMPER in rich heavy Georgette, with broad facing of rich Crêpe-de-Chine in contrasting colours. A particularly smart copy of a Drecoll model. In black and colours.

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PURE BLACK SILK HOSE.

Ingrain dye, good wearing quality, strongly reinforced Lisle thread tops and feet. Exceptional value. Price 9/11 per pair. Also in white.



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Wigmore Street.
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BLIGHTY TWEEDS

Handwoven by Disabled
Soldiers and Sailors.

BLIGHTY TWEEDS are woven from the finest Scotch yarns, and are ideal for men's and women's overcoats, suits and gowns. They are healthful, rain-resisting and durable, and possess great individuality and artistic merits.

Everyone who wears Blighty Tweeds is making some practical return for the self-devotion of a wounded hero, apart from benefiting himself by the acquisition of a beautiful and durable material.

Every piece of Blighty Tweed, as a personal symbol of the War, is marked with the name of the man who has woven it.

Burberrys control the entire output of Blighty Tweeds.



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Irish Bed Linen that Wears Well



Write for samples to-day. It will place you under no obligation to us.

GENERATIONS of housewives have proved that Robinson & Cleaver's Linen will stand hard usage and will last long without losing its usual whiteness. This beautiful linen that was the pride of our forebears is still offered at makers' prices, and may be depended upon for long and satisfactory wear. No. L.R. 21. Pure Irish Pillow Linens & Sheetings. Very strong and durable :-

Pillow Linens.		Sheetings.	
	Per Yard.		Per Yard.
36 ins. wide	7/3	72 ins. wide	14/11
40 ins. wide	8/3	90 ins. wide	18/9
54 ins. wide	10/11	108 ins. wide	22/6
Plain Pillow Cases.			
19½ x 30 ins.	Doz. 97/6	22 x 32 ins.	Doz. 112/9

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.,

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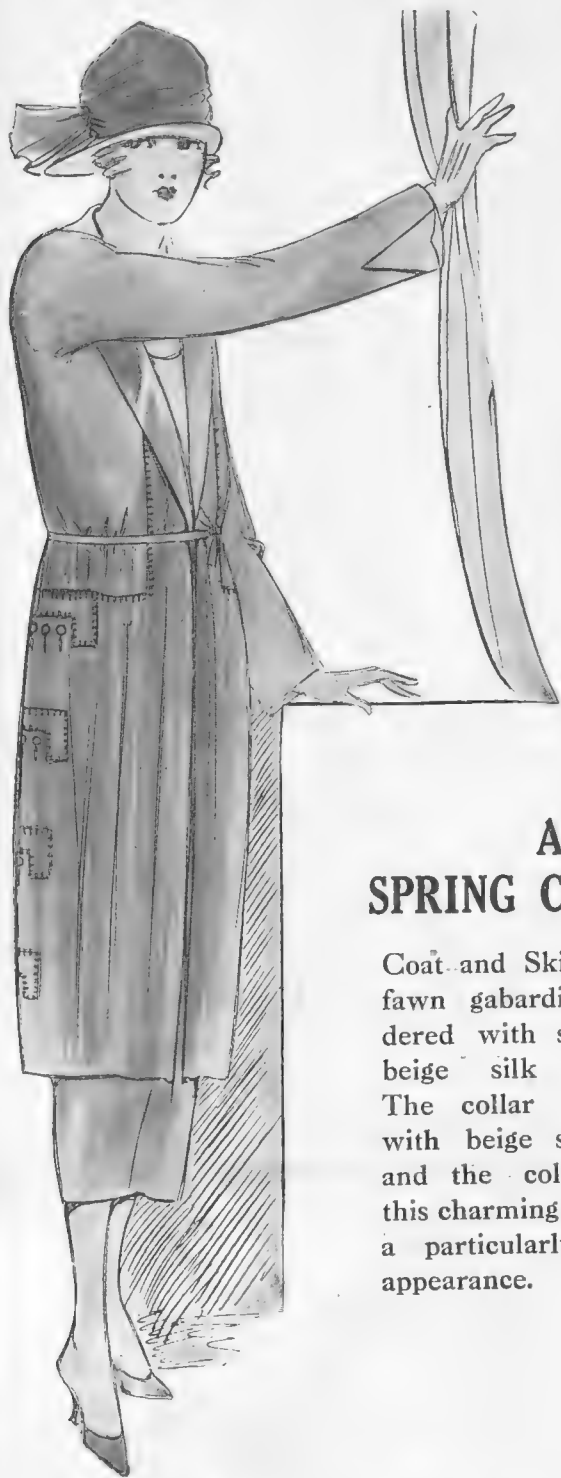
The mingled perfumes of many choice and lovely flowers exquisitely harmonised into one enchanting fragrance.

A perfume of irresistible charm, one of the most beautiful of the famous

Yardley PERFUMES

VANITY FAIR PERFUME - - - 6/3, 9/-, 17/6, 35/-
FACE POWDER. 2/6, 4/6 - - - VANISHING CREAM, 2/6

Of all high-class Chemists and Perfumers, and from
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Coat and Skirt in finest fawn gabardine embroidered with salmon and beige silk cordonnet. The collar is covered with beige silk épinglé and the colourings in this charming Model give a particularly youthful appearance.

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Tegal country hats with contrasting wool edgings and fancy ribbons in most shades.

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(Opposite Claridge's).

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COTTON VOILE

The Dainty Fabric for Dainty Folk



SPRING or Summer—for day or evening wear—nothing can compare with the absolute clinging loveliness of GRAFTON COTTON VOILE—well called the "Daintiest Fabric for Dainty Folk."

GRAFTON COTTON VOILE is the material de luxe for Summer wear, and the colours are the fastest obtainable. A perfect washing material, in many plain art tones and numerous exclusive designs.

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40 inches wide. Printed
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PER 3/6½ YARD

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CHARMING Tea frock in Georgette with new draped skirt, bodice and skirt trimmed gold lace.

In helio. saxe, jade, pink, vieux rose, sky, navy, grey, tango, apricot, black, and white.

Price 78/6

FABRIC GLOVES.

Cheltenham Gauntlets in stout fabric hand-sewn Black, in White and Yellow ... 6/11 per pair.
Also in two-button White, hand-sewn Black ... 5/9 per pair.

The best English manufacture.

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Toupet from 4 Guineas.

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No. 91. This fascinating Chemise, top of Georgette, inlet contrast Butterfly, elastic waisted, lower part of Crêpe, and with elastic waisted knickers matching; the two

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Camisole to match 25/6
Or Knickers only 35/-

Delightful sleeveless
Nighty to match
£2 19 6

In Ivory, Pink, Sky,
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Pretty Georgette Garter
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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our stock contains a wonderful collection of dainty and smart garments for little boys and girls.

CHARMING MODEL in little Girl's Frock and Matinée Jacket. Made in White Crêpe-de-Chine, with large spot design in sage or rose. The frock daintily trimmed frills edged lace and neck slightly low with small round collar. The coat lined silk and trimmed collar and cuffs of white georgette fancy stitched. Silk cord at waist.

Frock—Size 2 to 3 yrs. Price **59/6**

" 4 " " **65/9**

" 5 " " **69/6**

Coat—Size 2 to 3 yrs. Price **59/6**

" 4 " " **65/9**

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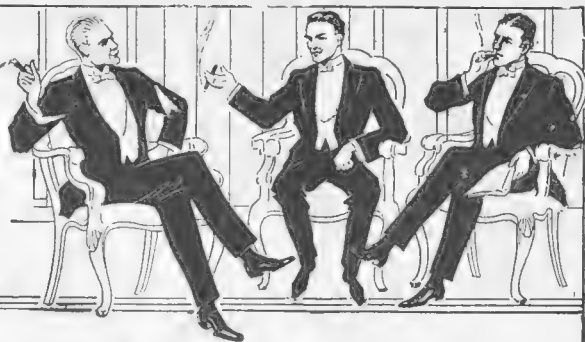
HAT in fine leghorn, lined underbrim with lace and trimmed wreath of cherries Price **59/6**

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BUY La Meriel "Imperiales de Rothschild" cigars and you buy that exquisite aroma, that fascinating flavour which are inseparable from the finest Havana tobacco. Yet La Meriel Imperiales are moderate enough in price to be smoked, not just on special occasions, but every day of the week.

If you are fond of really good cigars, yet hesitate to pay big prices for them, you can gratify your palate and spare your purse by smoking La Meriel "Imperiales de Rothschild." Prove these things for yourself. If your tobacconist cannot supply you, we will send POST FREE. If you don't find La Meriel the greatest cigar value possible, we will cheerfully return your money except when goods have been exported.

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In Great Britain, 83/- per 100; 41/6 per 50.

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IMPERIALES
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SIZE
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C.F.H.

UNRIVALLED BEAUTY
combined with sterling qualities of thorough excellence are the features that popularise **LISTA PURE SILKS**, whether for your own or your children's dresses or sleeping suits, you are absolutely safe in buying **LISTA**. It is a silk of inimitable texture for wash and wear,
Guaranteed and Manufactured by
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PURE SILK

PUT UP A BARRAGE AGAINST
CHILLS AND
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AS MOUTH AND TOOTH-WASH FOR GARGLING
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10⁹ & 1/3 Bottles & 7/6 per Gallon.



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PENCILS**

made of pure, smooth-as-satin graphite, tempered to perfection and absolutely free from grit.

FOR EVERY PENCIL PURPOSE.

17 Grades Blacklead from 6B (softest) to 9H (Hardest), at 4d each, and in 3 styles Copying at 5d. and 6d. each.

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Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel ... £3 10 0
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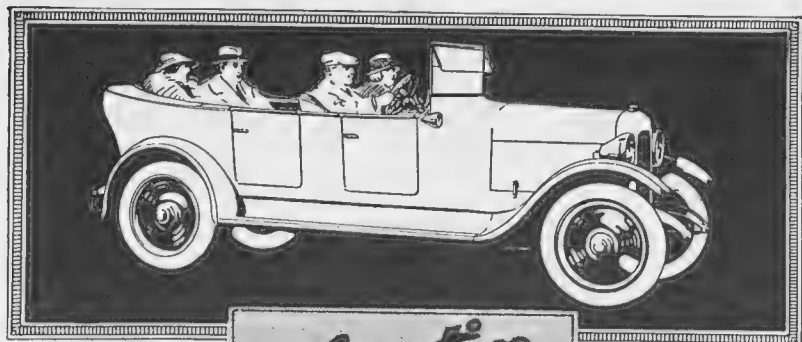
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No. 135. Solid 18-ct. Gold, Enamel
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IN GOLD AND ENAMEL FROM £2 10 0
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Austin

The Wonderful 'Twenty'

Success assured

Superb quality in every detail of design and construction is the secret of the extraordinary success already achieved in connection with the new "Austin Twenty."

The introduction of such a car at the moderate price of £495 marks a step onwards in the popularisation of motoring as the world's finest pastime.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD.
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THE LEADING LONDON HOUSE FOR OUTFITS.
 A BERKELEYS' UNIFORM IS THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF THE LONDON TAILORING ART

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THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO. LTD.
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 WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.
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JUDGMENT

WHO would you select to judge the merits of a Car—the maker or the owner? There can be no doubt that the owner is a very competent judge, and for obvious reasons. Here is Judgment from which it is impossible to Appeal, but undoubtedly makes its appeal to prospective motorists:

"You will be interested to know that I am just having my 14-h.p. 1914 HUMBER overhauled for the first time. It has done 40,000 miles without a chauffeur or anybody to attend to it, and has been on the road every day seven days a week for practically the whole of the five years. I think this must be very nearly a record, even for a HUMBER."

Our policy is concentration on two models—10-h.p. and 14-h.p.—which will uphold the good opinion felt by all who have ever owned a

Humber

HUMBER LIMITED,
 HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS - - - COVENTRY.
 LONDON { Show Rooms - - 32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1.
 AND DISTRICT { Repair Works - - CANTERBURY ROAD, KILBURN, N.W.6
 SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT : 25/27, LONDON ROAD, SOUTHAMPTON.

Continued.]

want a badge." "Well, why not the colours in enamel?" "Lovely; but I'm sure I shall never get it!" "Let us try Charles Packer: '76, Regent Street, please.' They are great on these things at this shop." Eureka! we found just what we wanted: 18-carat gold links, with the ribbon of the Royal Artillery across them in enamel, for £4 15s. She was enchanted, and so was I, for I wanted my tea and a rest, which was thoroughly well earned. I counted up that we had been in fifteen shops and ten streets—quite a perambulation. What the taxi cost, I dare not conjecture.

Real Celebration. One of the pleasantest forms of Peace celebration is present-giving. At a country house the other day I was struck with the beauty of a full toilet-table service of tortoiseshell, inlaid with silver. One has seen such a thing often before, but this one was of exceptionally fine design, and very complete. "My son bought it for me out of his prize-money," was its delightful history. Under the brush-tray was a neat little inscription to this effect, also the date of the sinking of the U-boat which gained the prize; and, of course, the origin of the lovely things—Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street, where delightful presents come from. Nor was this all: the daughter of the house had a wristlet-watch similarly inscribed, and the head of the establishment, a cigar-case. A real nice sailor-man, this, and what a delightful time he must have spent in the modern treasure-trove, where everything pleases, and the price is pleasing, too.

Safest Course and Best. A thing we really could not contemplate when the Nor'-Easter howled without, and the fire invited within, was spring cleaning. Now it calls imperatively to be done. Almost it seems that for the four past springs it has been left undone, so little spirit have we had for brightening



On the left we have an outdoor costume in two shades of brown. The figure on the right wears a frock of bronze-green silk poplin, with a "waistcoat" of blue and gold.

and beautifying our surroundings when the men were in such dirt and discomfort. Now we are all busy and getting the best possible face put on things. Invaluable for this purpose are the Sundour Unfading Fabrics, which one can get at all the best furnishers. The colours are absolutely fast, either from sun or wash; and they are for casement cloth, reps, damasks, chenilles, Madras muslins, tapestries, prints, or rugs. It is maddening to see new things being quickly faded; and it is against nature to shut out the spring sunshine which comes to hearten and rejuvenate us. Sundour is the safe course, and the best.

A Hot Time. Poor, poor bow-wows; such ugly spring fashions for them, and so little consideration for the contour of their faces. Short noses have to carry a projection of wire in front; but long ones are sufficiently provided for. The most conscientious objectors are Peks. They have long been monarchs of all they survey, and have known that the families' plans have hinged upon their pleasures. Now the world is dark for them; they have to put their contemptuous turned-up noses into wire cages, and may not accompany their missises and masters on their various peregrinations. Poor Peks! Still, better restrict the pleasures of a thousand Peks than that one human should be bitten by a rabid dog. It would be interesting to know how rabid animals got into this country. Someone must have brought them; consequently smuggled them. If owners of pet dogs could find the man who caused the trouble! What a hot time he would have! It is painful to the last degree to all dog-lovers to read the tale of their destruction, but *que voulez-vous?* The lamentable Order was forced upon the public by deplorable but unavoidable facts, not to be shirked.

"Ensign"

Photography

When you see
a pretty thing
~"Ensign" it.



RILEY

HOUGHTONS LTD · Photographic Manufacturers. London & Glasgow.



Pears

The magic of PEARS lies in its own
transparent purity. THAT is WHY
it is Matchless for the Complexion.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

IN deciding to become a Freemason the Prince of Wales is merely following the example of his grandfather, King Edward VII., who, as Prince of Wales, was an enthusiastic member of the fraternity. The Prince's desire to become a Mason has for long been an open secret, and if the war had not interfered, the initiation ceremony would probably have taken place two or three years ago. As it is, the date is fixed for early in May; and though at the time of writing nothing has been definitely settled about the matter, the probabilities are that the Duke of Connaught, who succeeded to the office of Grand Master when the late King came to the throne, will officiate when his great-nephew enters the order.



GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS GENERAL: MISS EVELYN COOTE.

Miss Evelyn Coote, a coming debutante, is the daughter of Colonel Charles H. Eyre Coote, of Highgate House, Creton, Northants, and a great-great-granddaughter of General Sir Eyre Coote, G.C.B., who was distinguished in the eighteenth century for his services in India. She is a niece of Sir Eyre Coote, J.P., D.L., of West Park, Damerham, Salisbury.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

He Likes Dancing. Mention of the Duke of Connaught is a reminder that, the fact that he is a grandfather notwithstanding, the King's uncle is reputed to take an active interest in dancing, and "footed" it with the best of them during his stay on the Riviera. Whether his Royal Highness has succumbed to the jazz or prefers the more sedate waltz was never made quite clear, though the fact that he danced was quite definitely announced. But,

after all, there's no reason why his Grace should not jazz, or fox-trot, or two-step—or, in fact, do any step he likes. Modern dancing can, it is said, be indulged in by anyone who can walk, and the Duke, in spite of his white hairs, is very far from being inactive, and still retains the alertness and energy of a comparatively young man. His dancing accomplishments have not, it is true, been greatly in evidence at home—at least, they have not been generally discussed. But if he really is a convert to the new and much-discussed measures, it is certain he will not be able to complain of lack of opportunity for practising them.

The Counter-Attraction. Lansdowne House, the scene of many a stately entertainment in days before war came to disturb the peace of the whole world, opens its hospitable doors again to-day in honour of a grand-daughter of its occupants. In other words, Lady Blanche Cavendish's wedding, which is one of the counter-attractions to the Asquith-Bibesco match, takes place at the Guards' Chapel this (Wednesday) afternoon, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne, like dutiful grandparents, are lending their house for the after-ceremony rejoicings.



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH LADY ENGAGED: LADY KATHLEEN LOWRY-CORRY.

Lady Kathleen Lowry-Corry is the youngest of the eight sisters of the Earl of Belmore. She was born in 1887, and is to be shortly married to Brigadier-General J. Ward, C.M.G., at Derryvullan Church, Co. Fermanagh.

Photograph by Vandyk.

[Continued overleaf.]

Urodonal

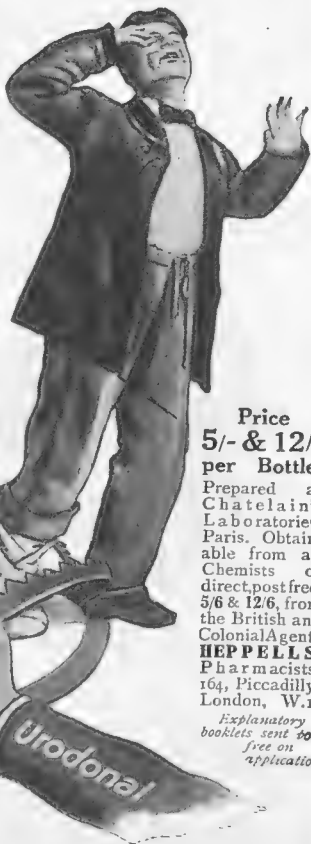
and GOUT.

MEDICAL OPINION:

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through excess of uric acid in the blood. Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to eliminate the poison as fast as it is formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of URODONAL, which is **thirty-seven times more active than lithia**, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

Dr. DAURIAN,
Paris Faculty of Medicine.



Recommended by the Medical Profession in England and Abroad.

A Martyr to Gout.

Price 5/- & 12/- per Bottle. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratoire, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents HEPPELL'S, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Explanatory booklets sent post free on application.

YOU SHOULD REGULATE YOUR LIVER

SPRING is here. No one realises it more than the man with a troublesome liver.

To tone up the system and safeguard yourself against a return of the old sickness and debility, you will find Ker-nak, the new tonic-laxative, a real boon.

Ker-nak brings to a sluggish liver, constipated bowels and weak stomach just that strengthening, soothing help needed to put them in an active healthy state.

Given new strength and vitality by Ker-nak, the system quickly frees itself of the poisonous Spring impurities which cause you to feel bilious, low-spirited and run-down. Ker-nak soon enables you to forget that you ever had a liver.

1/3 or 3/- a box of all Chemists and Drug Stores, or post free for same prices from The Ker-nak Natural Remedy Ltd., Leeds; also obtainable at 21 a box from Head Indian Depot, 9, Dalhousie Square, Calcutta.

Ker-nak

ENSURES GOOD HEALTH IN SPRINGTIME

WHY SHOULD A WOMAN LOOK OLD?



when it is possible to remove immediately, painlessly and permanently the marks of age, worry or ill-health from the face by a simple scientific process, known in England as the Hystogen Treatment. Since the last ten years over 5000 men and women in this country, including some of the most prominent social and professional leaders, as well as famous theatrical beauties, all of whom are aware that a youthful appearance is a modern necessity, have benefited by this treatment, without the aid of which many would have been compelled to retire into inactivity of life. The Hystogen Treatment must not be compared with the old-fashioned Beauty Treatment consisting of massage, electricity, toilet creams, plasters, etc.; it is the only system which actually and instantaneously removes from the face all marks of age and restores the beauty of youth. Any reader of this paper who is interested in this exclusive and scientific treatment should call for a free consultation at the Institute and convince herself of the truthfulness of this statement. The treatment cannot be applied at home and at least one personal visit for treatment is necessary. Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and with the finger-tips smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently from within one hour. The treatment is absolutely painless and harmless, and does not leave any marks.

Ugly Frown Furrows	Unsightly Noses—Saddle	Sickly, Sallow Skin	Exaggerated Expression
Mouth-to-Nose Lines	Nose, Turned-up Nose, &c.	Unrefined Complexion	Furrows
Flabby, Wrinkled Eyelids	Baggy Chin Flabby Neck	Prominent Collar Bones	Thin Arms, Elbows and
Crow's Feet Wrinkles	Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows	Sagging Cheeks or Face	Shoulders
Warts, Red Veins, Moles	Hollow Cheeks	Projecting Ears	Large Pores, Freckles
Red Nose Blisters	Imperfect Facial Contour	Drooping Mouth Corners	Obesity, &c.

Call or write for booklet—"Facial Perfection" (sent sealed on receipt of 3d. for postage; Hours, 11 to 4. Closed Saturday afternoons.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE, 17, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Established 1907. (near Portman Square)

"ECIRUAM" GOWNS

(Regd.)



are Ideal as
Invalid,
Rest,
Maternity,
Day, or
Evening
Gowns.

No. 268.
NEW MODEL
"ECIRUAM"
GOWN.

Without fastenings. Silk Voile lined silk. Collar, panels and sash end are of embroidered satin, fronts of bodicedraped metal lace.

Price 8 Gns.

Crêpe de Chine, 8½ Gns.

Cheeneda Silk, 7 Gns.

ECIRUAM, Ltd.,
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(A minute from Bond Street Tube.)

Specialists in Gowns with simplified fastenings and Maternity Clothes.

Post Free Illustrated Price List of new Spring Models.

A Gentleman's Word is his Bond



"Obayo Real Sardines" upon the gold and blue label are equivalent to the gentleman's word of honour. Obayo Real Sardines are sardines of particularly fine flavour and superior quality. Each Obayo Sardine is worthy of the society he is found in—the pick of the sunny Southern Seas, where the sardine aristocrats are found.

OBAYO REAL SARDINES

The Élite of the Sea
AT HIGH-CLASS GROCERS.

Field & Co. (F.M.), Ltd.

40-42, King William St., London, E.C.4



NOW FOR A CHANGE

Take home a tin of "Jack Tar" Pilchards, and give your family an unexpected treat—to-day.

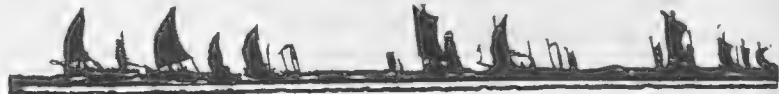
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*Continued.]**Over the Way.*

Whilst one set of guests will be drinking to the health of Lady Blanche Cobbold and her husband, another throng of celebrities will be wishing Prince Bibesco and his bride good luck not so far away at the Asquith mansion in Cavendish Square. It is even possible that owners of fleet motors may be able to grace both events with their presence. After all, the Guards' Chapel can hold only a comparatively limited number of guests, and attendance at St. Margaret's is no barrier to putting in an appearance at Lansdowne House. As a mere onlooker, I wish both brides happiness and prosperity.

Still at Work.

Her worst enemy could not accuse Viscountess Rhondda of "slacking." Even the distinctly discouraging attitude adopted by the Government's representatives towards women in connection with the Ministry of Health Bill during the passage of that measure through the House of Commons has not daunted her enthusiasm, and her name appears in the list of signatures attached to a letter lately issued to the Press. The writers draw attention to the "grave disappointment felt by women's organisations at the action taken by the Government at the Report stage of the Ministry of Health Bill." They are not the only people who feel "disappointed" with the Government's actions. Plenty of voters are already trying hard to find a definition for the words "political honesty," but so far no formula that is truthful as well as adequate has been devised.

Lady Frances Balfour.

Another signatory is Lady Frances Balfour, who has other claims to distinction than those attaching to someone who is a daughter of the eighth Duke of Argyll and a sister-in-law of Mr. Arthur Balfour into the bargain. Even her close family relationship with at least one of them has not inspired Lady Frances with an unduly exaggerated regard for statesmen. Anyone who can talk cheerfully of Cabinet Ministers as pattering platitudes, and describe the House of Lords as "fossilised to the lowest geological bed," can hardly be accused of too much tolerance towards man-made institutions. Lady Frances, who spent years of her life and much of her time furthering the cause of women's suffrage, thinks that women are "born economists," and holds that, in an age of enfranchised women, a feminine Chancellor of the Exchequer may yet direct the financial destinies of the nation.

Incidentally, she is a fluent and forceful speaker, and any matter affecting the rights of her sex invariably claims her sympathetic attention.

Not Surprising.

It is not surprising to find a daughter of a Marquess of Salisbury associating herself with matters political. Lady Selborne, who is associated with Lady Rhondda and Lady Frances Balfour in the letter already referred to, if she has not the eloquence of Lady Frances, has an equally firm belief in the political equality of the sexes. Like many others of her class, she devoted herself to war-work, and was invited by the late Lord Rhondda to serve on the Consumers' Council at the Ministry of Food—a considerable compliment, for Lord Rhondda was not given to engaging the help of any but those whom he considered capable of doing useful work. Lady Selborne could hardly be described as a fluent or effective speaker; but she is an earnest one—and earnestness covers a multitude of oratorical sins.

Kind to Her Countrymen.

Easter Week, besides living up to its marital reputation, was distinguished by a wedding at the chapel in Marlborough House, a not too common event, and a concession on the part of the Royal owner which the bride, Miss Thea Petersen, herself a Dane, and her groom, Mr. R. Davis, fully appreciated. It is just such kindly deeds that help to endear the Queen-Mother to all classes of the community. In any case, she has always a soft spot in her heart for anyone who belongs to the country of her birth.

The fluttering of an imposing and vociferous flock of aeroplanes over London on the 25th interested Londoners immensely on the occasion of the march of the Anzacs to the City, there to be "lunched" and complimented upon their great achievements in the war. The effect of the rattling engines and swooping descents and general air of jollification suggested a carnival in the air; and, truth to tell, some of the crowd rather shuddered lest some of their favourite steeple landmarks should be "struck." But all went well, and the March of the Anzacs will be recalled as one of the most striking pageants in the annals of the City. The "Aussies" once more made good their immense popularity with the hero-loving population of London.

'WOLSELEY'

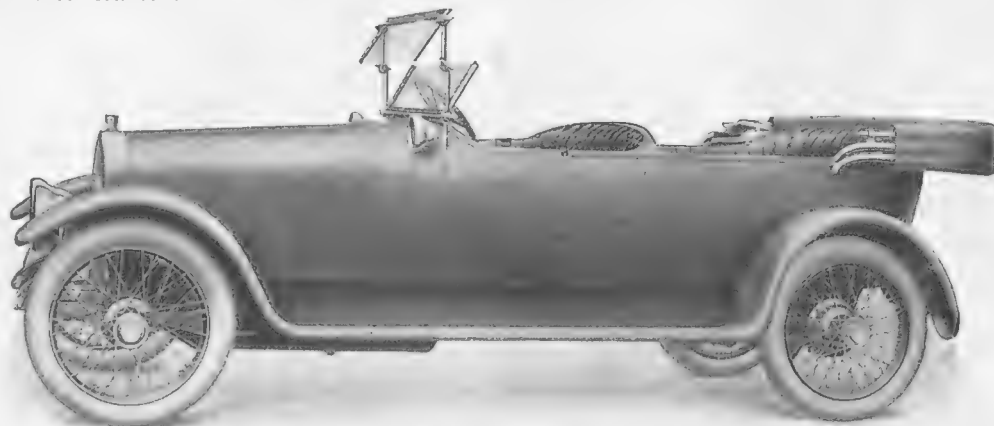
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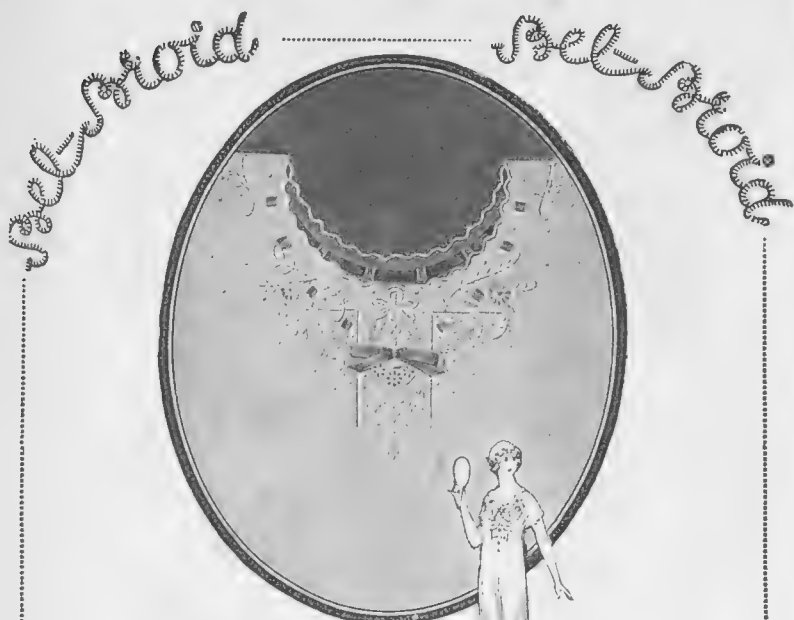
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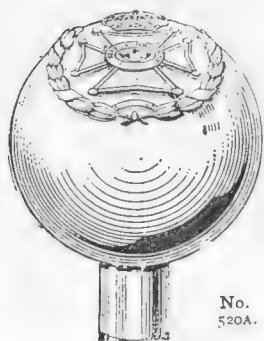


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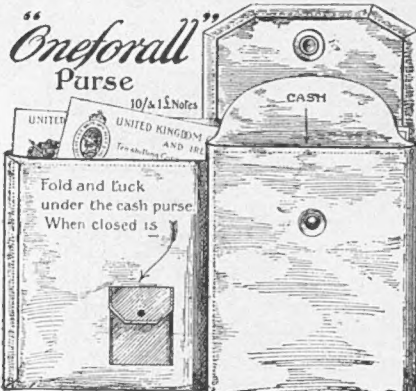
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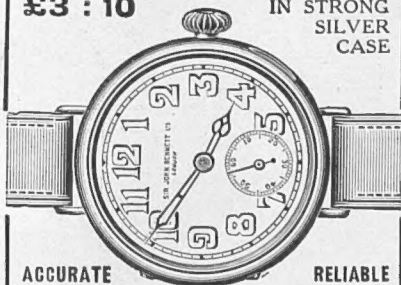


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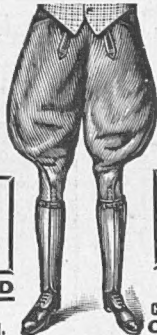
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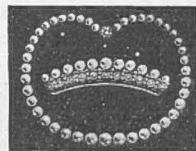


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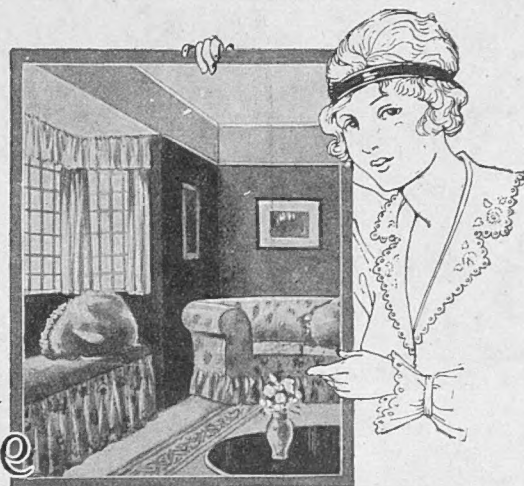
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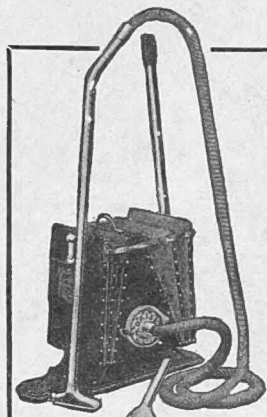
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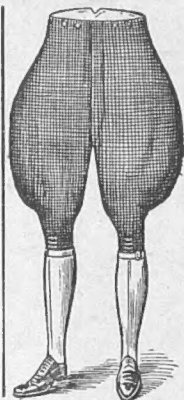
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